Back To Work *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 14, 1964, 35 cents

In Place of NATO

Ronald Steel

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Wasted Year

★ Lyndon Johnson is the first man in history to be elected for defending the 20th Century. We have a stake in him, and hope he does well, and are going to watch him sharply. Normally we feel this is the Republicans' job, but there aren't too many of them left, and they are going to be busy for awhile, anyway, moderates and Goldwaterites, blaming each other. We think each of them is right.

Why did moderates permit a patently unsuitable man like Barry to be nominated? He scared the whole world. It was a dereliction of responsibility. And why did even conservatives of the truculent type think they could elect a candidate whose clock goes tock-tick? But it is useless arguing with them.

Normally in America there are two parties, a party of Hope, and a party of Memory; a party of innovation, and a party of consolidation. And so in election year the Future debates the Present. But in this wasted year the Present debated the Past.

If there is one thing that the campaign proved to us it is that the old, moth-eaten Halloween bogey of "government bigness" doesn't really scare Americans anymore, if it ever did. You can see the candle through the pumpkin eyes too clearly. The American economy isn't going to drop "Capitalism," and it isn't going "Socialist"; it is going to be a Mixed Economy, as it is now and as most of the Western world is. It will continue to judge each proposal – whether TVA or Medicare – on its merits, and not by some scary (and often self-serving) label or epithet. In fact, we think the United States, by and large and most of the time, is mildly liberal – not enough so, perhaps, to satisfy us, but basically progressive for all that. It doesn't want the clock shoved ahead and it doesn't want it turned back; it does want the hands of the clock to keep moving forward.

Mr. Johnson, who is now President in his own right, strikes us as an intricate, complex figure; many men wrapped in one, layer on layer, like an onion. He is obsequious and imperious by turn, sensitive, garrulous and gregarious. Sometimes he is hard to take. He indulges in shameless sentimentality and occasionally rises, if we may say so, above good taste. His mobile face and manner make him look like a kind of parody of the stage politician with Foxy Grandpa eyes. He is easy to denigrate and many Republicans do, who are now picking themselves up off the ground.

Mr. Johnson is also, we think, one of the supreme masters of the terribly difficult art of parliamentary control and consensus achievement. And what is an American political party anyway, but a collection of coalition minorities hunting for a consensus? The President has a capacity for finding common ground that is almost hypnotic. His versatility and repertoire are enormous. He can range from the noisy, hypothyroid "y'all come to the speakin'" appeal to outdoor masses, to the solemn, low-spoken earnestness of his final TV talk to the nation before the election, which we thought one of the most effective political talks we ever heard. Mr. Johnson, in short, seems to us after long and patient observation to have many qualities of greatness, and now it remains to be seen whether he has greatness itself.

Liberal Senators

★ One good thing in the election is how well the liberal Democratic Senators of the class of 1958 and thereafter did. As pointed out by the National Committee for an Effective Congress, a lot of them were opposed by Goldwaterites. A year ago it was widely asserted that the whole batch was doomed. Instead, in the Johnson landslide they are mostly back again, starting second terms. They include men like Burdick, North Dakota; Yarborough, Texas; Moss, Utah; McGee, Wyoming; Hartke, Indiana; and others. It is in the second six-year service that committee seniority really starts. Give them a few more years and they will be a new power in the nation.

Classic Bungle

★ We don't want to carp. But the Goldwater campaign was, by all odds, the classic example of bungled politics in our lifetime. The press leaned backward, trying not to be judged unfair to Republicans, so that many points in the parade of errors went unemphasized. But consider: Barry praised brinkmanship to the German periodical *Der Spiegel* even before he was nominated; hailed extremism in his acceptance speech; picked unknown Representative Miller, N. Y., as running-mate who proved a disaster; demoted professionals in favor of amateurs in the national organization; began explaining and defending right from the start; denounced the Supreme Court; attacked TVA in Tennessee, pensions in Florida, and the anti-poverty program in Appalachia; welcomed aboard that Jonah, Strom Thurmond; took the clergy to task; and – poor chap – even violated unwritten canons of good sportsmanship by delaying congratulations after he was defeated! This was either a man who actually courted defeat, or one with a tin ear to the tacit consents of American politics.

And now President Johnson has two years of power before the next election. He will probably enjoy more prestige and freedom to initiate now than at any other time in first or second terms. Will he use it? Ike wouldn't. Will he reconsider frozen policies toward Red China, Vietnam, de Gaulle? Will he push social amelioration measures in Congress? This is it, the now or never, the critical time.

★ *Note:* Few people noticed that one passage of the Warren Report showed that all those involved in the hate-advertisement, "Welcome, Mr. Kennedy" that appeared in the *Dallas Morning News* on the late President's arrival, were members of the John Birch Society.

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Back To Work

Blame it on Harry Truman. That stunt of his in 1948 when he shattered and scattered the reputation of pollsters, was in part responsible for throwing millions of Americans into an agony of spirit that lasted through a long and wretched summer. The truth is Truman did us a good turn. The uncertainty he created in '48 helped to overcome possible inertia in '64. Even some who felt but a languid enthusiasm for anything that comes out of Texas were scared into doing their duty as voters. Thus, President Johnson can claim a "mandate for unity" and see himself, in fact and not just theory, as President of all the people. He has every right to do so. His victory is attributable to no single class, section, ethnic or racial group or vocation. He was the choice of farmers and laborers, urbanites and suburbanites, the border states, the East, the Middle West, the Rocky Mountain area, the Southwest and the West Coast. Walter Reuther joined hands with Henry Ford II, Orval Faubus was the political ally of Paul Douglas, Lyndon Baines Johnson was the choice of *The New York Herald-Tribune* and *The New Republic.*

The largeness of Mr. Johnson's majority frees him for leadership as the smallness of John F. Kennedy's inhibited him. The President can self-confidently get to work on unfinished business of the Kennedy Administration – medicare, an expanded poverty program, aid to education (possibly through some return of federal revenues to the states) – and improvise changes in Kennedy policies that are needed to meet the changed circumstances in Vietnam, in Europe and elsewhere. He is now President in his own right – and with real power.

It is Johnson's nature to lean against every door to see if it will come open. He respects the principle of government by consensus, as did John Kennedy, but with a difference. Kennedy took the consensus seemingly registered in his election as a ceiling above which he was not empowered to seek new solutions to public problems. Johnson is more likely to interpret the consensus as a floor, above which he is free to fly as high as his ingenuity will take him. One looks forward to a four-year exercise in semantics that will persuade the country that all is as it was before, when in fact changes are taking place. The "mandate for unity" will be a mandate for LBJ programs.

The President suffered a serious handicap in his first 11 months in the White House. Without a Vice President he was not free to leave the country, had no top assistant to whom he could turn. Now, and possibly for the first time in recent history, we have a Vice

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President who is one of the President's closest friends and who will be able to occupy the trusted position Robert Kennedy held in his brother's Administration. In the case of Humphrey and Johnson, "best friend" can also mean "best man" to undertake the tasks of mediation and negotiation in any of many troubled areas around the world.

By the nature of his campaign, Mr. Johnson has left open several areas of foreign policy for new initiatives. The emphasis that was placed on peaceful coexistence and the intention of the Democratic candidate to build "new bridges" between East and West is promising. The creation of a new force of "educators" in the persons of thousands of members of the campaign organization called Scientists and Engineers for Johnson-Humphrey could make a difference in future efforts to build up public support for progressive arms control. By not renewing anti-mainland China commitments in the campaign, the President has kept himself free to explore a fresh approach to Asia. It is not unlikely that in the months ahead we may hear further talk of sounding out the Chinese on nuclear tests or preparing the American public to stomach the admission of Communist China into the UN at the next session.

The New House

The radicals of the right, who asked the voters this November to overturn our social and economic establishment and to risk bold brinkmanship abroad, have, of course, been massively repudiated. One can even say that the vote was a negative mandate – against shifting the country into reverse gear, and not necessarily a vote of confidence in LBJ. Back in October, 1961, a Gallup Poll showed John F. Kennedy was the preferred choice of 61 percent of the voters – Mr. Goldwater 39 percent. Three years later, the issues being roughly the same, the division was the same. Yet the President has a great deal more going for him than anti-Goldwaterism, reflected in his commanding popular and electoral majority. In addition to a Vice President who matches him in energy, political astuteness and social concern, Mr. Johnson has a talented group of top administrators, many of whom he will certainly wish to retain – Cabinet members such as McNamara, Freeman, Katzenbach, Wirtz and Udall. Within the White House staff he has problems but they stem not from organizational imperfection, but from the personality of the President himself. Undoubtedly he needs more staff, for his is the largest executive job in America; more importantly, he needs a well-integrated White House staff whose initiative he will respect and whom he can use without devouring.

It is in the new House of Representatives that the President may take greatest comfort. Here the Democrats have more than a two-to-one majority. They picked up 48 seats, the GOP 10. In realistic political terms, this means that the President has gained 40 more Representatives in the House inclined to support him, than were there in the 88th Congress. This allows him a working majority, once a Presidential proposal gets to the House floor. The problem, as in the past, is how to get it on the floor and out of committees. This may prove particularly vexing in the case of Ways and Means, whose chairman, Wilbur Mills, has repeatedly managed to obstruct medical care for the aged financed through social security. One detour now being discussed is the introduction of a rule permitting the bypassing of a committee after 21 days notice. Undoubtedly there will be strong pressure on the Majority Leader from liberals in the House to introduce this and other procedural reforms.

The rout of GOP House members was thorough. Of 40 Republican incumbents who lost, 29 voted against Mr. Johnson's program more often than the average GOP Representative. Seven of the 10 Democratic seats lost to Republicans were lost in the few Southern states that went for Goldwater – a spectacular five in Alabama, plus one in Georgia, and one in Mississippi where a Goldwater supporter ousted a Democrat (W. Arthur Winstead) whose votes were always predictably "conservative." Of the new Democrats in the House, the Midwest has furnished 31, the East 24, the South 21, and the West 15.

Southern Democrats do retain a disproportionate power in key House committees. Nevertheless, changes in Southern delegations point to a small shift in the all-important seniority structure. In the 88th Congress more than half the Democrats with five or more terms of service were Southerners – 76 out of 147. Departures among this group total 23, of whom 14 were Southerners. More than 100 committee vacancies are to be filled in January, and party ratios may be changed in some cases to accommodate the larger Democratic majority.

In the Senate, the Democrats hold 67 seats, Republicans 32. Even if all 10 of the Democratic Senators from the Deep South were to defect on all issues to the GOP, there would be a Johnson majority of 57 to 42 – and this leaves out of account the presence in the Senate of eight moderately progressive Republicans. It leaves out of account too the certainty that some Southern Democratic Senators will find it convenient to back the leader of their party, especially on economic issues.

What about the South? Only the hard-core states of the Confederacy took the Goldwater bait on white supremacy. To conclude that seven Republican Representatives from the Deep South means the emergence of a true two-party South is premature. It takes more

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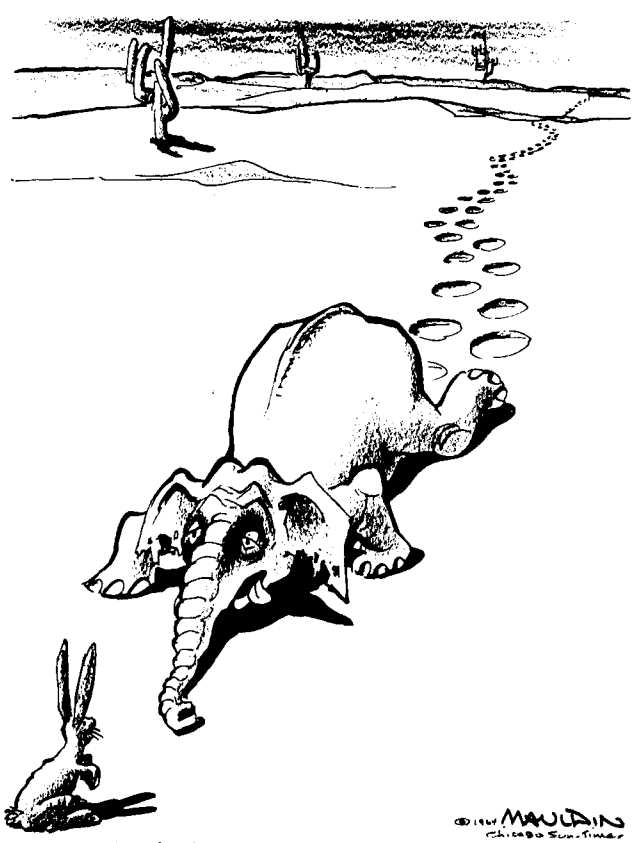
than one or two elections to create a viable party structure – witness Florida, where the Republicans have been sending Representatives to Congress for years and still have not established a solid party base. The most significant fact about the election in the South is that 95 percent, approximately, of the Negroes who voted, voted for Johnson-Humphrey. The counties that went overwhelmingly for Goldwater were counties in which the number of Negroes who had qualified to vote was negligible. As the registration of Negro voters increases, as it surely will in the next few years, so will Democratic strength, and so will Negro influence in the selection of candidates and on party programs. Incidentally, all 12 of the Southern Representatives who voted for the civil rights act were reelected.

Where do the election results leave the Republican Party? Just where it belongs, one might say. It was Justice Holmes who remarked that "the judgment of nature on error is death." The GOP got what was coming to any party that ignores the burglar alarms and dispenses with the guards. Yet to assume that it is annihilated is nonsense; annihilation will overtake it only if it fails to recover the loot, the party machinery, from the raiders. But it cannot do that unless the moderates do what Mr. Goldwater's workers did long before the 1964 Republican Convention – organize themselves where the voters are, in the precincts. Who will do the organizing? Judging from the first response of shocked Republican office-holders (those who are left) to the debacle, there will be no lack of volunteers. Self-interest will require energetic application. The decimation of the more important pro-Goldwater leaders is nearly total. There remain visible on the high plateau only a very few ardent Goldwater supporters – men like Senators Tower of Texas and Thurmond of South Carolina – neither of whom was running for reelection this year. "We are going to have to broaden our base," says Governor Robert Smylie of Idaho, chairman of the Republican Association of Governors. ". . . We need a new coach. You can't write tomorrow's history with yesterday's pencil." It has not been lost on GOP professionals that 38 of the 44 incumbents singled out before November 3 for commendation by Charles P. Taft's Committee to Support Moderate Republicans were reelected. The most stunning triumph, of course, for moderate Republicans was the reelection of Governor Romney; nevertheless, thanks to Goldwater he has been given Democratic majorities in both houses of the Michigan state legislation. So has Governor Rockefeller, and Governor Scranton faces a new Democratic majority in his state assembly.

It may be rubbing salt in the wounds to say so, but if it is looking toward political resurrection, the GOP might do worse than study the record of Lyndon Johnson in opposition. As Senate Majority Leader, he not only refused to block, but actively furthered whatever Eisenhower proposed that was obviously reasonable and right. If the Republicans – pushed and prodded by the more responsible governors and members of Congress – do likewise, they will refurbish not only their own organization, but the two-party system, at present lying in ruins. They clearly cannot refurbish it by building on a white supremacy victory in the South. There is only defeat and dishonor in that course.

Finally, there are the Goldwaterites. The idea that this movement can now be disregarded is as fallacious as the notion of the Goldwaterites that an irresistible tide of "conservatism" was arising in the West and sweeping over the Southwest, the Rocky Mountain States and the Midwest. The "conservatives" had counted on victories in Nevada, North Dakota, Indiana, Oklahoma, Ohio, Wyoming and Utah; it lost in all of them. The Goldwater forces, dead though they may seem, are not, however, going to lie down. To underestimate their fanaticism and tenacity is to fall into the same trap as did the moderate Republicans prior to San Francisco this past summer. No prudent and responsible Republican can afford to disregard the assertion of Mr. Goldwater's chairman of the Republican National Committee, Dean Burch, that this is only "Round One," or Mr. Goldwater's post-election statement that although his brand of "conservatism" did not work in '64, more of it is bound to work in four years or eight.



"Which Way to the Mainstream?"

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Anything Can Happen In California—and Did

A special correspondent in California writes:

Having given Goldwater the cold shoulder, California, more in mischief than in malice, voted two to one to destroy its "fair housing" law and prevent substitutes from enactment by the state or any municipality, now and forever. Opponents of the constitutional amendment called it the most vicious anti-civil rights restriction in America. But proponents hardly mentioned the racial implications at all. Their banners proclaimed "freedom to choose," and in large measure they managed to convince themselves that they were not bigots. Despite passionate opposition from churches, law schools, Governor Pat Brown, most newspapers and Senators Kuchel and Salinger, enthusiasm for the proposition increased with the campaign's progress. All the proponents had for them were the California Real Estate Association, a few fundamentalist preachers, and the rentier-rich *Los Angeles Times*. But in Southern California's vast, fragmented non-community, where the proposition carried sweepingly, the rights of property remain the only constant value. All the other traditional social hingers are unfixed. A tract house and a car to roam the freeways are all a man can count on, and the protection of minority rights is almost irrelevant. The new amendment may not be worth much in practical terms – Negroes will still move into previously "white" housing at approximately the same slow rate – but it will certainly have a devastating psychological effect. There will be early court tests, demonstrations and perhaps an attempt at a nationwide boycott of California fruit and vegetables.

Doubtless, Pierre Salinger will attribute his defeat entirely to his courageous stand against the anti-civil rights amendment, and he is entitled to what solace such excuses may bring. But his style, more than any single issue, was the measure of his failure. No one knew better than he that the drift of the campaign was against him. He tried all the traditional methods to widen his appeal. He embraced onetime enemies in his own party, he shook more hands, he whistlestopped. But the one stratagem which would have helped most was for him to have disappeared.

For the sorry truth was that the more Salinger exposed himself, on television and in public, the more voters soured on his candidacy. The glamor of his eleventh-hour cross-country dash to file for the June primary had long ago tarnished. His cavalier treatment of the grass-rootsy Democratic clubs was unseemly, and his quickie appointment to the Senate had the look of a shotgun affair. The wisdom of his billboard campaign: "Retain Senator Pierre Salinger," was always arguable. Many of his own staff members predicted the incumbency pitch would backfire.

Salinger's style never loosened. His Republican opponent, George Murphy, ran a soft-shoe, no-issues, honey-smooth campaign against Salinger's jarring, almost punchy effort. If Murphy was just another song-and-dance man, Salinger began to look more and more like an untrustworthy used car salesman; worse, the portly Salinger had the problem of the "fatlash."

California voters are a perversely independent and totally unpredictable lot. Perhaps it is a lingering nostalgia for the old system of cross-filing, but party designations still have little meaning for the electorate. It seemed quite equitable to give a vote to one Democrat and one Republican, just so there would be no hard feelings. It happens all the time; in 1962, Democrat Pat Brown and Republican Thomas Kuchel both won overwhelming victories. And the large number of independent conservatives who must have helped give President Johnson his million-plus plurality no doubt found some small absolution in a vote for Murphy. The prognosis for Murphy is obscure, to say the least. A genial lightweight, he was never taken seriously by his party, and indeed he is hardly a match for the political piranhas of California Republicanism. It is hard to believe that Kuchel on the one hand, and the hard-core right-wingers on the other will leave him intact.

As for that fascinating exotic alloy called the Democratic Party, it is again in upheaval. Cabalist Jesse Unruh, who master-minded Salinger's primary victory and then cooled to him during the general election campaign, comes out with a C-minus for effort and most of the blame for losing the party a Senate seat. Pat Brown can take a modicum of comfort in his suspicion of Salinger's ultimate popularity, and the clubs hope they will be taken more seriously in the future. Salinger's personal future is in doubt, but the city editor of his old newspaper, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, would love to have him back on the night police beat. To that end, the *Chronicle* two weeks ago endorsed Murphy.

Goldwater's Triumph In the Empire State

New York

Only two Republican candidates for President have ever lost New York's huge suburban Westchester County. The first was Abraham Lincoln, the second is Barry Goldwater; and no one before him ever managed to lose every one of New York's 62 counties. Yet we can call Goldwater a loser only if we forget what he set out to do. He was distracted, as so many men before him have been, by a late onset of the illusion

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that he might be President of the United States. But, when he began, he wanted nothing except to destroy the Eastern Republican establishment.

Cato would have felt his life fulfilled if he had done as much to Carthage as Barry Goldwater has done to Nelson Rockefeller's New York Republicans. The Goldwater people failed like a starving mob assaulting a bakery; Rockefeller's people failed like a bank.

The day before the election, New York and Kansas were the only states whose Governor, two Senators and a majority of both houses were all Republicans. Now Kenneth Keating has been turned out of the Senate; the Republicans have lost both wings of the state house, and Nelson Rockefeller, Goldwater's great fraternal enemy, must fight alone in Albany for his life.

The New York bank went down on election night without the spirit even to tell the depositors. Two hours after the polls had closed, the blackboard set up in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Roosevelt to follow the contest between Kenneth Keating and Robert F. Kennedy was undefiled by a single chalk mark. Three young men sat on a platform beside phones which never rang. An hour after the voting had ceased, a visitor went forward to one and asked if there were any results on the Senate race. "I just called upstairs," he answered. "They said that none of the county chairmen have reported in yet." When the evening was over, there was no indication any county chairmen ever had.

One of the young men chalked up the news that Republican John Lindsay had been crashingly reelected to Congress from Manhattan. In an anteroom, people pressed around Lindsay the way troops in a garrison might welcome the only survivor of an ambushed patrol. There would have been survivors more welcome. Lindsay is a sport, as disturbing to the once established professional East as he is to the rampant amateur West. He is the handsomest politician alive not of the Kennedy blood and handsomer in conventional terms even than a Kennedy. He has the most moderate interest in the economic liberalism which enlightened Republicans use to trap Democrats and an intense commitment to juridical and political liberalism.

Lindsay is a politician of the 19th Century; yet at the moment he is the only Republican in sight whom New York's voters spared in what was otherwise the most savage of massacres. The Republicans may have to take him as their candidate for Governor. There is every sign that the voters will hail him with hosannas; but nothing unsettles a professional politician like having to accept a candidate who looks like the ideal young district attorney and has an aesthetic distaste for prosecution. But election night, the amateurs were crowning Lindsay, in utter ignorance of the subtleties which held the professionals in shock and horror at the dethronement of safer men. Lindsay moved through the crush of his worshippers, past a Republican organizer huddled and speaking low into the telephone.

"Hey," the professional broke off suddenly, "we lost an assemblyman in Genessee County. Isn't that unconstitutional?"

"Genessee County," a man said. "Who won? A Whig?"

"Carlino is gone," the professional said. "I think Mahoney's gone." Joseph Carlino used to be speaker of the New York State assembly; Walter Mahoney was Republican majority leader of the Senate. They are not names which echo beyond their borders; but within them, what happened election night was the way it might have in London under William IV if the word had come that Peel had been racked up and John Russell beaten.

The New Yorkers for Goldwater seem by contrast rather to have enjoyed the evening. Being without property they could not hire a hotel ballroom and made do with the rubble of their offices on Lexington Avenue across the street from the Chock Full O'Nuts building. They looked like Chicago populists sitting up with Altgeld enduring the returns from downstate Illinois. Most of the amateurs among them seemed mad, of course not because the Goldwater people are mad as a class, but because no Goldwater person in a state of reason would have come to headquarters on election night with the prospects what they were.

A newspaper photographer came to take their pictures and one young man, his jacket all over Goldwater buttons, began screaming that this same cameraman had been following him all over New York taking his picture wherever he had given out leaflets with a view to putting him on some blacklist of Bobby Baker's. There were no other visible instances of paranoia; the patients were generally catatonic. And their doctors were even cheerful, as well they might be since their enemies in the party had lost more than they had.

The view of the Republican Party from here is of George Murphy on one coast and John Lindsay on the other with nothing in between but a desert faintly green only at the oasis of George Romney. The Ohio and the New York establishments, the last truly powerful state organizations left, look like the bleached bones of dead cattle painted by Georgia O'Keefe.

Governor Scranton did, of course, keep the Pennsylvania Party in a condition minimally fit for habitation. We hear that Senator Goldwater now proposes to begin that self-examination when defeated candidates assay their mistakes. There is very likely a fugitive part of him which interrupts this interior scrutiny to say over and over again: If I had only spent two more days in Pennsylvania, who knows; I might have taken Hugh Scott down with me too."

MURRAY KEMPTON

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MLF–Modified or Out

When its proponents, centered in the State Department, sold the idea of a mixed-crew nuclear force manned by Europeans and Americans to the late President Kennedy, it was said that this was a devise for tightening the ties between European and US defenses, for circumventing the nuclear aspirations of France, for foreclosing German demands for an independent nuclear force. But for all the US pressure behind it, the MLF concept did not catch on in Europe, for reasons outlined in the article by Ronald Steel in this issue of *The New Republic*. It has always, of course, been anathema to the Russians, who see in it the back-door entry of Germany into the nuclear club. The question today, therefore, is whether some variation of MLF can be devised that is acceptable at least to Washington, London, Bonn and Rome – or whether to junk the whole idea.

Shortly before Mr. Johnson's election, Britain's new Foreign Secretary, Patrick Gordon Walker, came to Washington with an outline of such a variation. Further discussions were held when the Italian Prime Minister visited London last week, and before long Mr. Gordon Walker will confer in Bonn on what is to be done. What the Labour government appears to have in mind is not just mixed-manned surface fleets armed with nuclear missiles, but a more comprehensive allied nuclear command. The British – along with almost every other NATO ally – remain dubious about the practical and political wisdom of the MLF as originally conceived. They prefer to enlarge it to include nationally-produced and nationally-manned forces, which would nevertheless be multilaterally owned and multilaterally controlled. The British would be willing, for example, to turn over to an MLF, their own V-bomber force, perhaps their tactical aircraft in Europe, their prospective TSR-2 bomber, as well as future British nuclear systems including Polaris-armed submarines.

On the question of control of these alliance weapons, the British are willing to accept a compromise more or less already agreed to at earlier meetings in Paris, under which the US *and* any single major European country could make the decision to fire MLF missiles. Negatively, the US acting alone would have a veto on the firing; and there would be a second veto – all the European countries together.

While Prime Minister Wilson's government recognizes that the ultimate decision to fire US weapons (as distinguished from those under joint control) must rest with the President of the United States, it seeks a greater influence by MLF participants on the size, disposition and strategic planning of the entire American strategic system, and not just MLF forces. The British hope, furthermore, that an MLF council would be consulted in advance whenever the US appeared to be heading toward a crisis that involved the risk of nuclear engagement.

The question is no longer whether the original US-sponsored MLF will be signed by Christmas – it will not – but whether over the coming months a different formula can be found for sharing the financing, manning and control of a NATO nuclear deterrent, a formula that does not weaken the very security in Europe which NATO was intended to strengthen.

Escalation in Vietnam

A whale on a beach is scarcely at a greater disadvantage than a bomber subjected to attack while grounded at its base. That well-known lesson of the vulnerability of power caught out of its element was rubbed in on the American consciousness again when Viet Cong raiders sneaked up on the Bien Hoa field near Saigon, lobbed mortar shells into the serried-parked aircraft, killed four and wounded 72 Americans and destroyed or damaged, among others, half of the 40 B-57's which the US had deployed to South Vietnam after the first Gulf of Tonkin shooting incident last August, to show our capability for destructive initiatives against installations in North Vietnam.

The Pentagon had a quick explanation. Perimeter defense at Bien Hoa had been left to the indigenous Vietnam forces, and – well, there just had not been any. The next order of business, the Pentagon suggests, is to consider the advisability of having US forces take over responsibility for peripheral security of installations at which sensitive American equipment is harbored. It is either that, or continuing to entrust US property and prestige to the vagaries of indigenous defense, or pulling out such equipment altogether.

So, without any new policy ever having been consciously formulated the US edges away from an "advisory" role in Vietnam toward unambiguous military involvement. Someday, presumably, there will be a guerrilla raid on a point guarded by forces under US command. The raiders will be pursued. The pursuers will be ambushed. The ambuscade will call for retaliatory measures. The retaliation will draw a counter retaliation – and so on up the scale. A decision to assume peripheral security is fraught with grave implications, for perimeters in a place like South Vietnam can prove deep indeed. With the mortar raid, following in logical sequence on the Tonkin Gulf incidents, the war in South Vietnam seems to have taken a new turn, moving the United States a step closer to a fateful choice President Johnson cannot forever evade: getting out or getting in deeper.

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Birth Control by Surgery

by James Ridgeway

About 100,000 people in America have themselves sterilized each year, and while some of these operations are for health reasons, the great bulk are done for persons, half of them men, who seek a permanent method of contraception.

Unlike abortion, which is forbidden by state statutes, the practice of sterilization is not generally hindered by law. Only three states (Connecticut, Kansas and Utah) restrict it to persons who can produce good medical reasons for the operation. The American Medical Association takes no position one way or the other; among the church groups, Roman Catholics are adamantly and on principle opposed. It has remained for doctors to overcome fears of prosecution on mayhem charges. Here there seems little ground for worry. The nearest relevant case dates from the first year of the reign of James I, when a young, strong rogue had a friend cut off his left hand to make him "impotent" to serve the King.

Sterilization often is confused with castration, which it is not. The functioning of neither the testes nor ovaries is disturbed. A person's ability to perform the sex act is not physically impaired, although it is quite impossible to say how the operation may affect him psychologically. Some people, however, say that since being sterilized they have more pleasure than before, since the fear of ending up with a child is gone for good. Vasectomy, the male operation, can be completed in a doctor's office in 10 minutes. The physician makes small cuts in the scrotum, exposing the tubes that carry sperm to the penis; these are then tied off and cut apart. The process can be performed under local anesthesia with little risk to the patient, who is able to return to work next day and resume his sex life shortly thereafter. The female operation is more complicated and often is performed immediately after childbirth. An abdominal incision is made to get at the Fallopian tubes which carry the egg from ovary to uterus. The tubes are tied and cut. Dr. Alan Guttmacher, a specialist in such matters, has said that while this operation is a major one, it carries less risk than the removal of an appendix. The cost of the operation varies depending on the physician, but $200 is not uncommon for women; $75 for men. In about 50 percent of all cases, the operation can be reversed.

There is a good deal of interest in sterilization around Los Angeles. "If this office is representative, the operations are running into the hundreds per day," says Dr. Milo Ellik, a Long Beach urologist who strongly believes in sterilization as a means of family planning. "In the Los Angeles basin area," he adds, "84 percent of all urologists now will perform sterilizations. This office averages four a week, between 200 and 500 a year. Almost all are for men between 21 and 46. They are largely middle-class people with good jobs, who have children but don't want any more. They pay $100 for the operation." Many men have vasectomies, he says, because their wives are tired of using birth-control devices. "An awful lot of women are sick of the pill, sick of paying for it, sick from it, sick of worrying about whether it will work. If the man gets sterilized, he has no worries." Once men discover sterilization has nothing to do with the depth of their voices or the hair on their chests, he claims, they become enthusiastic. In fact they even brag about it. "I'm smart, I got it done," they say.

"Catholic doctors who won't do the operation themselves sometimes refer Catholic patients here. And there are a few requests for reversibles, maybe two a year. In one case, two newlyweds came in. Both had been divorced previously; the man had been sterilized. His new wife was a Catholic and she didn't like the idea of him being sterile. So she brought him in here and we undid it."

In New York City, the Human Betterment Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc., tries to make doctors more conversant with the operation; through demonstration projects in needy areas it hopes to encourage local and state governments to finance sterilization in cases where couples with large families and little money have tried other means of contraception and failed. Most public bodies, however, are still too wary of taking up the milder forms of birth control, let alone getting involved in sterilization.

Human Betterment is a non-profit foundation that exists on contributions; many of its leading members are associated with the planned parenthood movement. Last year it spent $15,000 to finance operations all over the country, for 300 needy people who requested them and met the approval of the association's medical board. Each case is judged on its merits. This year that program has been substantially expanded: $50,000 will be spent. Some of the inquiries, occasioned by magazine and newspaper stories about the association's

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work, sound desperate. A *True Story* article brought in 3,000 requests for information. One woman wrote: "Since I had my seventh child I tried to find a doctor who will perform an operation like what I read in a magazine. I am 30 years old; my husband is 44. He has had two heart attacks and is our only means of support. Out of my 10 children I have two retarded, one so badly he had to be placed. I am in constant pain. When I do deliver I have hard births. I can't find a doctor who is willing to perform this kind of surgery. The fear of when I go to the hospital will I take home a live, well baby or will I take home a retarded or abnormal child and the fear will I be coming home again to my family or will I be called home to my father up above. . . . I sincerely hope this is not just another story to you and that you can and will truly help me – please."

"For 25 years," says Dr. H. Curtis Wood of Human Betterment, "I have seen patients in the maternity prenatal clinics of various hospitals, registering for their third to tenth pregnancy. I would usually ask them if they wanted to have any more children subsequent to the present pregnancy, and they would reply with varying degrees of profanity that they had not wanted the last four, five or six, etc. Then the woman would be told that as a *great favor to her* we might be able to fix her so she would never have any more children. It is very important to spend a few minutes explaining the details of a postpartum tubal section and to stress that no organs are removed, that she will still menstruate, not 'lose her nature' and will not know that anything has been done except that she will never have to worry about getting pregnant again. . . . Many declare this is the best news they have heard in years."

The Hartman Plan

Last summer Jesse Hartman, a New York real-estate man, put up $25,000 to finance a Human Betterment sterilization program for poor people in 22 counties in the depressed region of Eastern Kentucky. The state offers no birth-control program. Some service is provided through county health departments by the Mountain Maternal Health League; it consists mainly of vaginal tablets and foams. A private foundation pays for distribution of the pill in certain places.

In the three months since the Hartman program began, 70 people have applied, 28 of them men. (Most of these already have been approved and sterilized.) The Hartman plan gives up to $40 for the male operation and $280 for the female. While the savings to public welfare programs are not by any means the primary interest of Human Betterment, they are quite obvious: Each time a woman gives birth it costs $50 in delivery fees, plus expenditures in the hospital. The average patient is a 33-year-old woman who has borne eight children in nine years; the average family income for 10 people is $1,000 a year. Most of the husbands are unemployed. In many of the cases, the family has tried to use other means of contraception without success. There are few Catholics in this part of the state, and hence little strong opposition to the program. Even so, the interest among men is rather surprising. These men like having large families; they get a great deal of enjoyment from children and spend a good bit of time with them. Most now are unemployed; and the only jobs opening up are for their wives. As a result, they may feel frustrated, says William Suters, Jr., one of the members of the Kentucky Hartman board, "a feeling that they have lost all vestiges of their manhood but sex." As for contraceptives, they cost money. And among the men, Suters suggests, there are other reasons for hesitation. They don't like condoms, because they dull sensation. Foams and pills are a real mystery to them.

Apparently the Human Betterment people were well aware of the hurdles to be overcome, for they have got up some rather zesty handouts: One beige-colored pamphlet reads: "NOW You and Your Wife Can Have SEX Without Babies. Do you want *this*," it says beneath a drawing of two dragged-out looking parents, two infants, and five beaten-up kids squashed together on a back stoop, "or *this*," two smiling parents and four smiling kids joshing together in a comfortable living-room. The accompanying message says: "If you and your wife feel that you have all the children you want and can care for, there is something easy and lasting the doctor can do for you. Without ever again using anything to keep from having babies, you and your wife can go on with your regular sex life. In less than 30 minutes the doctor can do what is called a vasectomy – right in his office." On the back cover is another drawing of a group of men in overalls: "After having this little one-time operation other fathers said: Jack B, New York, 'I wish I had the doctor do it 10 years sooner. It was very easy and without pain'. Joe C, Missouri, 'I feel much better because I don't have to worry. My wife is happier than ever before'. Charlie P, Wisconsin, 'Our sex life was always good, but now it is happier and better'."

When the Hartman program was first starting up, a woman wrote in offering a bounty of $5 each for the first 100 or so people who volunteered. "It didn't seem right," Suters remembers. "These people aren't animals." And the gift was turned down. And as it turned out, Suters says, the Hartman plan hasn't needed to be sold to anyone. People hear about it and come in on their own; (this seems to be the experience of the voluntary sterilization movement in general). To qualify for sterilization both husband and wife fill out and sign an

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application form, which then must be approved by a member of the Hartman board. In the case of women, the operation is carried out in a hospital which usually has its own rules. (In Kentucky, unless there are excepting medical reasons, the hospital is likely to insist the woman be over 30 and have four or five children.) Men usually must have four children.

In addition to Kentucky, Human Betterment also has met with considerable success among poor people in the Cape Charles area of Virginia where in cooperation with local health officials it paid for sterilizations among people who hadn't had any luck with other types of contraceptives. The county now has appropriated funds to continue the program; a clinic exists in Warrenton, and received a good deal of national attention when Catholics attacked its activities. But it continues. Hartman is promising to give another $25,000 to set up a program in Florida. In that state, according to one social worker, many of the migrant farm girls have never heard of any form of birth control other than having their "tubes tied." These girls, she says, "are just so eager for information and anyone to help them." But public officials can't offer advice unless there is a medical reason.

Sterilization in this country is not all voluntary. More than half the states have laws authorizing th operation for institutionalized abnormal people. However, these are enforced less and less. (About 600 people a year are sterilized under such statutes.) The belief that people have a fundamental right to procreate is shared by most Americans in every part of the country. The exception to this view occurs in Mississippi, where the lower house of the state legislature passed a bill this year which would have sent unwed mothers with two children to jail unless they submitted to "voluntary" sterilization. Its purpose was to trim the welfare rolls, and run the unwed mothers out of the state. The measure was quashed by the state Senate after the civil rights movement set up a cry against this "genocide" legislation.

In Puerto Rico the sterilization operation is very common, more so in fact than operations for removal of tonsils. Twenty percent of the women between 15 and 45 have been sterilized. This has given rise to a difficult situation in New York City hospitals which receive requests from young Puerto Rican girls who, having landed in a new home and fallen in love, wish to have the operation reversed. In Japan sterilization is fairly common, although here abortion is the primary means of birth control. In Denmark and Sweden there are relatively lenient laws. At first the Indian government tried to get people to use various contraceptive devices, but met with little luck. Limited sterilization campaigns, however, have been quite successful with men; now the government will try to sterilize 2.5 million men a year. The Indians apparently feel that sterilization is a faster, more humane way of cutting down the birth rate than the Japanese method of wholesale abortion. They offer a bounty of $6 for each man willing to have the operation. It was suggested by one demographer at the First International Conference on Voluntary Sterilization, held in New York this spring by the Human Betterment Association, that should an American foundation offer a grant and so raise this to $250, India's population difficulties would quickly be overcome.

WILSON NEEDS ALL THE TACTICAL BRILLIANCE HE IS SAID TO HAVE

Labour's First Few Weeks

London

Labour has entered the promised land to find it overrun with the nastiest kind of stinging nettles. There is Harold Wilson's precarious Parliamentary majority of five against Conservatives and Liberals combined. The last time Labour was in those straits Aneurin Bevan, Harold Wilson and John Freeman walked out of the Attlee government. And the Labour whips are shuddering already at what a hard winter might do to the party's numerous valetudinarians in the Commons (most of whom refuse to be retired to the poorer pay of the House of Lords). Or take the Southern Rhodesian stinging nettle. Wilson has been quick to label any Rhodesian moves for independence as treason. But how does one cope with treason, short of putting troops in? And would the British electorate stand for putting British troops in to quell white Southern Rhodesians? Not even the Labour left-wingers imagine that it would. Or take the British balance of payments,

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likely to be £800 million in the red this year. Can Labour really make British industry as aggressive and competitive as it needs to be? And can Wilson get an incomes policy from the trade unions to see him through the next 18 months without inflation?

Labour talks of 18 months as the right amount of time before going to the country again for a real majority and a five-year term of office. It is, in fact, the length of time that the second Attlee government lasted in 1950-51. But Wilson is still keeping his hands free to go to the country within six months if the prospects look right. It would not be out of character for him to mount a sudden smash-and-grab raid just to pick up half a dozen marginal Tory seats which would give him a safe majority in the Commons and real room to maneuver. It may be that fate will give him a victory before next spring. The unions (especially now that Frank Cousins, the general workers' leader, is cosily sitting in the Cabinet as Minister of Technology) may accept wage restraint, in return for a capital-gains tax and heavier taxes on company profits. Then Wilson might say that he deserved a new mandate for all his long-term economic planning. Certainly if the battered Tories were to fall apart in the next few months in squabbling over the succession to Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Wilson would spot the trend in the opinion polls and jump. Transport House keeps an election reserve fund up its sleeve just to deal with dead-heats and the unions could be expected to chip in some more, now that they have tasted success after 13 years. It is very doubtful if the Tories would enjoy a sudden election, or indeed if their own funds look entirely rosy at the moment. Jo Grimond's Liberals, the only party to increase their vote this time, would hate an early election. They have no money in the kitty at all, and Labour has a suspicion that if Liberal candidates were driven from the field the bulk of the Liberal vote would turn to Wilson, the new Lloyd George.

Since everyone knows that Labour would have been shivering in the street now if Wilson had not pulled off victory by himself, there is a widespread belief that never before has so great a master of tactics sat in No. 10 Downing Street. Enormous approbation has been bestowed on the uncanny skill with which he is said to have constructed a government containing both the left- and right-wing of the Labour Party, changed Dick Crossman from education to housing, and persuaded both George Brown and Jim Callaghan to run the economy in harness. But the truth is a little different. Wilson's Cabinet is a ragbag of everyone who would have been miffed if they had, even for good reason, been excluded. It is elderly (average age 56, with Wilson the second youngest behind defense expert Denis Healey). And in sheer size the full government will have a dozen more jobs than Sir Alec's. It makes sense to have shifted Crossman from education, where he had fallen foul of most people who know about schools. With real tact Wilson has also taken out of Crossman's hands the Crown Land Commission scheme, Labour's answer to soaring land prices, which will nationalize the freehold of all building land. Since the Land Commission will not work, it would have been out of the question to give it to someone like Crossman, who would actually have taken it seriously. And so to the George 'n' Jim team who are planning the national economy. It would be hard to devise an arrangement more likely to encourage in-fighting between the No. 2 and No. 3 of the Labour government than to have them both saving the economy, making dual appearances before television and the press, answering each other's questions and neither with the foggiest private notion of where the demarcation line lies between them. By the same token, it would be hard to devise an arrangement more likely to enhance Harold Wilson's standing as the number-one economic expert.

Labour has inherited a familiar trade crisis, with imports (including imports of manufactured goods which Britain used to make for herself) rising sharply and exports still flagging. The George 'n' Jim solution has been to slap a 15-percent surcharge on everything that comes in except food, raw materials and unprocessed tobacco. British exporters will be exempted tax to the tune of 1.5 percent on the value of their exports. All this is said to be merely temporary, and has had a fair reception from Washington, though wrath is coming from Britain's six partners in EFTA, the European Free Trade Association. But of course it will all have to be temporary (though Canada went on long enough in the same way after its crisis two years ago) since a 15-percent surcharge protects every inefficient and non-exporting British manufacturer, and hurts every aggressive and competitive British firm which needs foreign computers and machine tools to keep going in foreign markets. Just to enhance Frank Cousin's arrival at the new technology ministry, Brown and Callaghan are also taking a stern look at the costs of the Anglo-French supersonic airliner, the Concorde.

With all these preoccupations Wilson has had little time to look in detail at the multilateral NATO fleet, or the British bomb, or even steel nationalization (which his left-wing has insisted on having). For all his political flair, Wilson is a hard-pressed man who badly needs his Tory opponents to fall flat on their faces if he is to get a real experience of power behind him.

ALASTAIR BURNET

MR. BURNET has been appointed editor of The Economist *of London, to succeed Mr. Donald Tyerman in that post next April.*

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Rebellion in Rhodesia?

by Russell Warren Howe

Salisbury

Salisbury editors were intrigued by a recent leaflet, ostensibly coming from unidentified African nationalist sources, threatening chiefs with death after African government is achieved in Rhodesia. It was not just that the leaflets seemed a senseless sort of propaganda, but the typefaces were worrying: they were not those used by local printers who habitually handle nationalist publications; they were typefaces used by the government printer.

About the same time, a cache of bombs "of Russian make" was found by the authorities on the farm of none other than the Minister of Agriculture himself, the Duke of Montrose. This would have been a tall story to swallow even if an African "nationalist," seized that week by an angry crowd while stoning the house of a moderate African parliamentarian, had not turned out to be a European policeman in disguise.

These strange new tactics in the campaign to destroy African nationalism in Rhodesia and procure independence for the colony under the present all-white government are associated with the office of junior minister P. K. van der Byl and his fellow-South African adviser, Ivor Benson.

Byl, whose surname (pronounced Bile) lends itself to obvious jokes in the information and government TV services which he controls, is an admirer of the John Birch Society, Dr. Hendryk Verwoerd and the German Nazi Party. Benson's main claim to fame is that when British Fascist Party leader Sir Oswald Mosley came to South Africa, he stayed with Benson.

Under this duo, news has been withheld, delayed and even falsified to suit government requirements. The Preventive Detention Act, which gives people an initial year's imprisonment without trial (four times longer than in South Africa) has been declared *ultra vires* by the Constitutional Council, but "will continue in use," Law and Order Minister Desmond Lardner-Burke says. The arrests of some African leaders under other laws was declared unlawful by a court, but the government paid no attention. During October, over 3,000 Africans were arrested in the black Salisbury ghettos of Highfields and Harare, but the news appeared only in the foreign, not the local, press.

According to Smith, independence will reverse the country's sinking economic fortunes and arrest the white exodus. Eleven hundred Rhodesians go monthly to booming South Africa to live: another 400 go to Zambia or Britain. White population figures are down from the 1958 high of 252,000 to 195,000. A franchise theoretically not based on race gives 50 seats to whites, 15 to Africans. The African proportion would, under the present constitution, increase gradually toward an eventual majority. Smith, who is 46, says there will be no African government in his lifetime. He'll alter the constitution after independence. If Byl and Benson represent government opinion – and they undoubtedly do – this will mean almost or completely disfranchising Africans, Eurafricans and Asians, Europeanizing (or abolishing) the Constitutional Council, introducing total apartheid and Bantustans. In preparation, all public facilities in the country's second city of Bulawayo have been resegregated. In Salisbury, only two hotels – and no private restaurants – are now open to Africans. The integration of schools has been halted. If historical events do not intervene, resegregation is expected to be complete in the country early next year.

Although South Africa is the admired standard of the government, both South Africa and Portugal have officially advised against seizing independence from Britain by rebellion. A great respecter of international obligations itself, South Africa would abhor anything that would give the UN – or Britain – an excuse to intervene in Southern Africa. But Smith's numerous private South African advisers are more hotheaded than the government in Pretoria. Smith's main support comes from a small stratum of rich, not very literate tobacco farmers and a horde of poor whites. Political history here has been a steady degeneracy from Cecil Rhodes to Tobacco Roads. The moderate middle-of-the-road whites like Sir Roy Welensky have been squeezed into near-extinction, politically, and what white opposition in Rhodesia remains is confined to the big money, to the university and to more recent emigrants from England who, even if right-wing, would not countenance rebellion and a bonfire of Queen's portraits and Union Jacks.

A beautiful country, the best-developed colony in Africa, Rhodesia is today a spiderweb of tensions. The brutality of the thuglike young white policemen, many of them South African recruits, in African areas, has become an instrument of terror in the government

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campaign. One badly-beaten victim was the 14-year-old son of exiled politician George Nyandoro, who was thrashed to make him produce letters from his father. Moves to canvass a "No" vote or abstention in the referendum met with the arrest of a moderate African committee member and threats of preventive detention for anyone else who took part in the movement. To all intents and purposes, the country is now under martial law. Police, soldiers and reservists fill the "tribal" areas. Police barrages halt and search cars continually on major roads. Every effort was made to prevent educated people, black or white, from visiting the chiefs before they met at Domboshowa to add their bought blessing to the government's intentions – although, somehow, a letter from detained African leader Joshua Nkomo, pleading with them not to cooperate with Smith, reached most chiefs. In the cities, white businessmen, lawyers, editors and civil servants report ". . . or else" pressures on them not to talk against the government. Says a prominent white churchman: "Things are happening in Rhodesia that I would never have thought possible outside Nazi Germany."

Preparations for the aftermath of rebellion have proceeded fast. The loyalist army commander, General John Anderson, has been fired: internment houses have been prepared for the Governor, Sir Humphrey Gibbs, the judiciary, the three former prime ministers and many others who have said they regard their oaths of fealty to the Queen as binding. For Africans, six new prison camps have been prepared.

Inevitably, all this has hardened African opinion, often seen as docile and apathetic in the past. Some genuinely pro-government chiefs have been murdered and a Smith rebellion against Britain is expected to trigger a campaign of rural and urban terror by "loyalist" Africans.

Republic of Iansmithia

If government policy is reprehensible, African strategy is open to criticism. The senseless break-up of the flourishing Central African Federation, for which Africans successfully campaigned, left Rhodesian Africans vulnerable and robbed Britain of leverage to impose reforms in this long self-governing colony – where no British civil service, army or police are on the spot to apply London directives. If the Federation had not been destroyed, Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda would, today, probably be the federal premier, and Rhodesian Africans would be progressing under protection to the early acquisition of a legislative majority.

Britain has now made it publicly clear that the sanctions on a rebellious Rhodesia would be considerable. If rebellion occurs, the country will in fact become nothing more than a super-Katanga. Rhodesia will be out of the sterling zone – an expulsion which the creation of a new currency November 16, separate from those of Zambia and Malawi, will facilitate. Those Rhodesian government assets which have not been transferred from London to South African banks will be frozen. Commonwealth links, including Commonwealth preference buying, will of course cease: with Rhodesia now producing three-eighths of the world's top-grade tobacco, and Britain buying over a third of Rhodesia's production, this alone will be a catastrophe. Perhaps most important of all, Rhodesia's rebels will be the Queen's enemies, and the country, British Solicitor-General Dingle Foot has said, will be listed under the "Trading with the Enemy Act": this means that even flights between Salisbury and London would be illegal, and that pressure would be brought on America, for instance, not to buy Rhodesian tobacco either. No country in the world is expected to recognize a rebel Rhodesia, although South Africa and Portugal might do so if the rebellion endured. The only bright star on Smith's horizon is the half-promise of a French government-backed private consortium to invest $140 million in Rhodesia.

The $64 question is whether Britain would use force to restore its authority and democracy to a rebel, fascist Rhodesia. If Rhodesia-born Governor Sir Humphrey Gibbs, so far a rather supine figure, asked for troops, would Britain supply them? Commonwealth Relations Secretary Arthur Bottomley has said that force should not be necessary "because the Rhodesian Army has an oath of allegiance" – possibly implying that if they betrayed it the situation would be changed. In a television statement, Smith has noted nervously that Harold Wilson called in the Defense Staff in the Cabinet discussion on Rhodesia, and Wilson is probably using the threat of force to bring about an all-races, all-parties constitutional conference. His handling of Rhodesia has so far been in accordance with the "strong image" which he wishes to create for himself quickly.

The Rhodesian parliament is due to meet again for two weeks at the beginning of December. The fixed agenda is dull, but rebellion is sure to be raised as the key issue of the session. Possibly a general election may be held first. In October, this would have been a walkover for Smith, who would probably have taken all 50 white seats, but a request for a direct mandate to rebel against Britain might reduce his potential majority slightly. Says the head of a local diplomatic mission: "I give the Republic of Iansmithia, if it comes, three months. African government will come in next year." If it does, it may be bloody, unprepared African government. The only chance of a peaceful transition to majority rule would seem to lie in determined British intervention.

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Victory of the Clerks

What Khrushchev's Ouster Means

by Zbigniew Brzezinski

The clerks have taken over the Kremlin. The last of the revolutionary generation has faded from the political scene. That perhaps is the basic significance of the events that transpired a few weeks ago in Moscow. Power has been taken over by specialists in shuffling papers and in bureaucratic procedures. None of them participated in the Civil War nor at a high level of responsibility in the traumatic changes that Russia experienced during the years of the collectivization and the industrialization. None of them ever suffered or sacrificed for the Revolution; they sat behind desks and speculated about their promotions. With them at the helm the era of experimentation is over; bureaucratic conservatism is now dominant.

Khrushchev was a transitional figure: a Stalinist, he presided over de-Stalinization. Alienated from the Stalinists, he depended for support on the new generation of professional bureaucrats to whom, with the fading of the Stalinist system, he too began to appear more and more as an anachronistic figure, a specter of the past. Gradually, grievances against him accumulated, both with respect to international and to domestic affairs. Certainly high on the list must have been his handling of the Sino-Soviet conflict. Leaving aside the issue of whether that conflict was inevitable, to a Soviet leader it must have appeared that Khrushchev's personal handling of the relationship with the Chinese unnecessarily exacerbated the Sino-Soviet dispute and contributed a great deal to the factional conflicts within the international Communist community. Khrushchev's dogged determination to bring the issue to a head at the December meeting of the so-called Preparatory Conference meant that the split was about to be consummated. Instead, Chou En-lai visited Moscow.

Equally distasteful must have been some of his domestic procedures. His essentially Stalinist style of governing meant that all the energies of the Soviet state were committed in crash campaigns at one time in one direction, at another, almost in the very opposite. One *shturmovschina* followed another *shturmovschina* – all of them debilitating to governmental stability and disconcerting to bureaucratic minds. The prospect of still another agricultural reorganization must have given rise to many misgivings within the party bureaucracy, barely recovering from Khrushchev's last reorganization. Furthermore, Khrushchev's frequent inclination to mobilize mass support outside regular party channels inevitably must have provoked concern among the professional party *apparatchiki*, whose entire outlook has been shaped by the principle of party supremacy. These estimates have been reinforced by the specifics of the various articles against Khrushchev published in Moscow.

However, these charges cannot be considered as providing the real explanation for his removal. The bill of particulars against Khrushchev is a catch-all, clearly designed to satisfy everyone (including America and China, domestic "hard-liners" and "liberals," the military and the Moscow-Leningrad intellectuals). It was a document of political vilification, blaming on one individual all the recent Soviet failures, without giving him any opportunity of reply. As such, it is a sad commentary on the persisting style of Soviet politics and an unreliable guide to the meaning of recent events. Furthermore, even if accurately reflecting the cumulative grievances of the elite against the former ruler, it is most unlikely (especially given the contradictory implications of some of these charges) that these accumulated grievances were enough to create unanimity within the Presidium. The membership of that Presi-

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dium was and is composed of political rivals, and the rivalries and divisions among them were a source of Khrushchev's strength. It is not easy to form a cabal of 10 men without one of them tipping off the First Secretary and thereby reaping a personal reward. Therefore, some major event must have transpired that all of a sudden created a sense of unanimity among men who would normally not trust each other – an event that made potential rivals for power not only agree on the necessity of removing the top leader but also on the choice of his successor. The accumulated grievances required a trigger to start a political chain reaction.

It now seems likely that that event, the triggering cause, was supplied by the unprecedented convocation by Khrushchev of the so-called enlarged meeting of the party Presidium to which he invited a large number of economic specialists, as well as party officials from the provinces. Jointly they reached the decision to reverse the traditional priorities of Soviet economic development, to subordinate heavy industrial development to consumer-goods production. The precise date of the meeting is not known, but a delayed account of it was published by *Pravda* on October 2, just two weeks before Khrushchev's fall. The odd secrecy surrounding the meeting suggests that it must have been opposed by at least some Presidium members. The resolution announced on October 2 involved not only the fundamentally important change in the economic commitments of the country; it was also a most novel way to reach a political decision. In effect, Khrushchev was appealing to the masses over and outside the ruling party and by-passing directly the top ruling party body. It is likely that this event, more than any other, created for the first time a sense of unanimity and shared outrage among his colleagues, already in a state of acute apprehension over the approaching anti-Chinese December conference, and the November Party Plenum called to ratify the new agricultural reorganization. It convinced them that the removal of the First Secretary was an immediate necessity not only dictated by the international and domestic Soviet interests but also by the vested interests of the party itself. The matter of timing of the coup was then largely accidental and depended very much on when Khrushchev would be out of the city.

Policy Effects

If the foregoing analysis is correct, it would follow that in foreign affairs one may expect an effort to limit the debilitating conflict with the Chinese and perhaps, at the very least, to reach a mutual understanding on the ending of open polemics. However, given the scale of that conflict, given the number of factional fights already in progress in many Communist parties around the world, and given the very basic differences dividing the two societies, it is unlikely that this conflict can effectively be contained.

With regard to East Europe, the successor leadership is likely to continue the efforts of Khrushchev to create some sort of an economic cooperative union for the purpose of containing the centrifugal political pressures. Nonetheless, the removal of Khrushchev means that those East European leaders who have had a special personal relationship with him will automatically gain a greater measure of autonomy and self-assurance. Certainly the East European reactions to Khrushchev's fall were unprecedented and even constituted a mild form of external interference in Soviet internal affairs. This was even more blatantly true of the West European parties, and as such was indicative of the general decline in the power and prestige of the Soviet Communist Party in the international Communist movement.

With regard to the West, the successor leadership has already gone on record in emphasizing that it will continue Khrushchev's policies of peaceful coexistence. It is not likely that that policy constituted a bone of contention between Khrushchev and his successors. Khrushchev's policy toward the West has been dictated by objective necessity: by the balance of power of which the Soviet Union became painfully aware during the Cuban confrontation and by Soviet economic needs for an expansion of trade with the West. There may be some subtle changes in the inclination of the new leadership to accept Khrushchev's resigned willingness not to contest American strategic superiority (it is striking to note that in the October 2 report Khrushchev is cited as stressing that "the defense of the country *is at its proper level*" – italics mine), but even here there are objective limits to Soviet economic capabilities and the successors must realize that any increase in Soviet military commitments and spending are likely to be more than matched by parallel American efforts, and hence would not be very productive.

Domestically, the leadership, at least initially, will attempt to give the Soviet consumer a better deal in order to highlight Khrushchev's alleged economic failures. However, it is not likely to emulate his commitment to consumer goods, and initial hints suggest that the traditional policy of making consumption a by-product of rapid industrial development will be continued. Nonetheless, it is improbable that the present level of consumption could be decreased. The difference may lie in the absence of any marked increases in the level of allocations to consumer-goods production.

A much more important change in the domestic policies of the new regime is the likelihood that it will

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be more efficient in the administrative suppression of unorthodox political views, particularly among the intellectuals. The new ruling clerks are not likely to be tolerant of intellectual dissent; their attitude toward it is probably more functionally determined than Khrushchev's occasional heavy-handed outbursts followed by periods of toleration, especially when that tolerance was convenient to his periodic conflicts with the established orthodox interests. The new management is likely to emphasize that in a modern, complex industrial society the dissenting intellectual is a thing of the past, that the modern intellectual is a planner and a sociologist or an economist, all functionally employed and all part of the vast state undertaking. More sustained administrative repression augurs ill for the dissenting groups of Russian intellectuals; that perhaps will be one of the most marked domestic innovations of the new regime, which otherwise is likely to be characterized by caution and conservatism, by a dull, bureaucratic routine.

Impact on the Political System

Khrushchev's removal means a victory of the central party *apparat* over the provincial *apparatchiki* and nonparty groups. It means a victory of the *curia* over the provincial cardinals. It means the victory of the institutionalized ideology over the pragmatic wheeler-dealer. This victory is likely to have a two-fold effect: One has already been mentioned; it will result in a more bureaucratic management, emphasizing in a conservative spirit regularity of procedures over personal initiatives. Secondly, it means the new leadership may be somewhat more divorced from the rhythm of Soviet life. Provincial party representatives were closer to the people and had a better sense of their needs, demands and aspirations. The central *apparatchiki* are more dogmatic and more concerned with their vested interest in the supremacy of the party machinery. Their victory might mean again a certain separation of society from the political system, a gap which Khrushchev by his personal appeals and frequent trips attempted to close. In that sense, in the short run it is a retrogressive step in Soviet political development.

However, it is unlikely that this condition can long endure. Even on the morrow of its victory, the new leadership was already appealing for support to some key groups in Soviet society, at this stage primarily the technocrats and the military. The very fact that they had to reach beyond the confines of the ruling *apparat* suggests that in the Soviet system it is no longer possible for political power to rest purely on the institutions of the ruling party bureaucracy, that any group of leaders has to seek support outside the confines of the ruling central *apparat*.

Much, of course, will depend on the stability of the present leadership. History would suggest that the dual Brezhnev-Kosygin arrangement is not likely to endure. It has not in the past. One could certainly expect jurisdictional conflicts between party and government officials to gravitate to the top and eventually to be reflected in conflicts between the two chief oligarchs, Brezhnev and Kosygin. One may also speculate that their previous associations with the Ukrainian and the Leningrad party organizations respectively, both traditional rivals in the Communist Party, might also create pressures toward a conflict. History, however, is a very unreliable guide. It is useful to note in this connection that in the past dual power usually involved not only the contest between the party and the state but also a contest between the two top political leaders in their own right. Kosygin, however, is not a political leader; he is an administrator and a technocrat. It is not altogether beyond the range of the possible that he will subordinate himself to the leadership of the party, and therefore of the First Secretary, and become the executor of the party's will, in effect avoiding the situation in which a conflict between the two institutions might be inevitable. This would permit the dual arrangement to endure formally for quite awhile, even

"I've Grown Accustomed to His Face. . . ."

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in spite of personnel changes at the top.

In the long run, perhaps the most significant consequence of the recent events pertains to the further transformation in the character of the political system itself. For the first time in Soviet history an established leader has been removed from power by his subordinates. It is now easy to say that Khrushchev must have been very weak to have been removed. Yet the fact remains that at least for seven years he was *the* Soviet leader, that he had a monopoly of public-policy initiative, and, apparently, that he was predominant in the sphere of personal selection. Yet he was removed because his subordinates and associates felt that his leadership was ineffective.

This is a desirable precedent. It involves the fading of personal autocracy and its replacement by a system of bureaucratic oligarchy. To be sure, Khrushchev's fall might mean that his successor will feel insecure and might be less likely to rely (as much as Khrushchev apparently was willing to do in recent times) on the support and assistance of his colleagues. It could mean a return in the inner councils of the party to the atmosphere of suspicion and Byzantine intrigue. However, to the extent that Khrushchev's removal was executed by "bureaucratic politics," that is, to say, through the formation of a coalition and its formal legitimation by the Central Committee, it does involve the introduction of more regularized procedure into a political system in which personal power and physical force had been the essentials of success.

Government by Mediocrities

The dismissal of Khrushchev thus means a further step in the progressive weakening of personal dictatorial power. It also means a decline in the quality of the men who wield it. Lenin's associates would not have removed him even if they could have, because of his enormous political and ideological stature. Stalin's associates probably would have if they could have, but they were paralyzed by terror. Khrushchev's associates finally could and did, largely because he had neither the personal stature nor the advantage of terror. Bureaucratic politics tends to elevate non-entities, and the non-entities have a stake in making certain that only someone like themselves emerges as the *primus inter pares*. The weakening of personal dictatorial power hence reflects a trend toward government by clerical mediocrities, a trend inherent in the gradual fading of the revolutionary generation and its replacement by a bureaucratic one. Lenin-Stalin-Khrushchev-Brezhnev: the decline in intellectual and personal qualities seems too unilinear and too marked to be merely accidental.

In reviewing the significance of the change, the question inevitably arises whether from the standpoint of the West it is a good one or not. To the extent that Khrushchev was pushing the international Communist movement to a final split, to the extent that his initiatives were debilitating, his removal may be cause for regret. On the other hand, there was always an element of danger in Khrushchev's bumptiousness, in his sudden initiatives, in his unpredictability. The missile crisis is a classic example. Furthermore, although Khrushchev's great historical contribution will be the leadership that he provided to the de-Stalinization campaign, he nonetheless was also stained by Stalinism and could not make a full break with it. Although in the short run the new leadership may become somewhat administratively more repressive, in the long run it is likely to be forced by pressures from within the Soviet society and especially from the international Communist movement to air more thoroughly the unresolved questions of the Stalinist legacy. It is doubtful that the new government, because of its inclination to minimize personal power, and because of the inevitable divisions within, can be very effective in containing such pressures. A collective leadership inescapably is drawn into a competitive courtship of more and more groups and of the masses.

The debate over Stalinism has so far involved only the accretions of Stalinism: terror, violence, fear. A full discussion of Stalinism will inescapably raise the issue of its relationship to Leninism, to the entire legacy of party supremacy and of ideological dogmatism. There are strong indications that this question is becoming a live one in the Communist movement. Togliatti's recent memorandum, interpreted by many as another anti-Stalinist salvo, in reality no longer pointed the finger at Stalinism, but opened the debate over the very nature of the Leninist system. By demanding freedom for creative discussion, by demanding the right to criticize, by rejecting sloganeering, Togliatti was in effect rejecting the basic Leninist principles. A full and open discussion of the nature of Stalinism, which Khrushchev's successors are bound to fear less even though they may not perceive its full implications, would inevitably open a full-scale dialogue about the relevance of Leninism to a modern and increasingly industrialized society. And it is the Leninist tradition that still keeps the Soviet Union a totalitarian state, that keeps the Soviet Union divided from the Western Marxist and socialist mainstream, that keeps the Soviet Union teetering between the social democracy of Western Europe and the oriental Marxist-Leninist despotism of China.

Khrushchev came to power to rescue Stalinism from Malenkov; he ended by being its gravedigger. The clerks came to power to save Leninism from Khrushchev; history may assign them the task of burying it.

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In Place of NATO

by Ronald Steel

Election campaigns are poor occasions for an intelligent discussion of foreign affairs. So it was that when both Presidential candidates – but especially Senator Goldwater – were acclaiming the virtues, even the sanctity, of NATO, the real situation within the alliance went unnoticed and it did not seem worth noting that the whole focus of instability has shifted away from Europe. The major threat to the peace no longer seems to be Russia, but Communist China. Thus the Turks felt free to withdraw part of their forces from NATO in order to threaten the Greek Cypriots. The staid London *Times* stated that NATO "has clearly lost much of its relevance."

In effect, what NATO's critics say is that with an economic base equal to that of the United States and a population greater than that of the Soviet Union, Europe has the resources to build an army powerful enough to defend itself from any conventional attack – and the ability, if it so chooses, to mount a nuclear deterrent which would make such an army credible against atomic blackmail. France alone, as de Gaulle revealed in July, will by 1966 have the power to launch 150 Hiroshima-type bombs and by 1970 a thermonuclear missile force equal to 2,000 Hiroshima bombs. In conventional forces the European allies, under American prodding, have already rebuilt their armies to the point where NATO's land forces actually outnumber those of the Warsaw Pact. "In Central Europe," as Secretary McNamara told the Economic Club of New York a year ago, "NATO has more men, and more combat troops, on the ground than does the bloc."

Still, in the forefront of this great NATO land force are the 400,000 American troops stationed in Europe, standing guard as faithfully today as they did 15 years ago – just as though the European armies meant to replace them had never been created. They are our hostages to our allies, designed to serve as detonators for our own atomic force. To be sure, European soldiers could serve as "trip-wires" just as well as ours, if our allies were absolutely certain about our vows of nuclear solidarity. But they cannot be, because American atomic invulnerability is merely a memory. Now that the Russians, too, are scrapping their manned bombers in favor of underground and underwater missiles, the US can no longer guarantee it will protect Europe by wiping out Russian retaliatory sites – anymore than it could hope to avoid nuclear devastation itself if it responded to an attack on Europe by unleashing its missiles against the USSR. Quite understandably, many Europeans doubt whether we would ever use our nuclear weapons for answering anything less than an attack upon the US itself. While America and Russia are in atomic equilibrium, their allies, as de Gaulle noted, are not really included in this balance, and the "cause and integrity of each of these may eventually seem to its great ally not worth the price of being destroyed in return for the destruction of its rival."

These anxieties have been further stimulated by the Pentagon's policy of "flexible response" which, however reasonable from an American point of view, suggests that the US would "accept" a conventional war in Europe in order to avoid an atomic exchange with Russia. While such a war – with its visions of invasion, occupation for the third time, and liberation after a cataclysmic bombardment – might be limited for us, it would be total for them. In the new Pentagon strategy – with its call for larger European conventional armies, the closing of US overseas air and missile bases, the downgrading of tactical nuclear weapons, and the emphasis on mobile troop units air-lifted from the US to various crisis points – Europeans see the outline of a gradual American nuclear disengagement from the continent. Repudiating the whole strategy of "flexible response," General Ailleret, French chief of staff, recently described the conventional defense favored by Washington as inviting an aggressor to "seize vast territories rapidly in order not to submit to the consequences of its aggression on its own soil." At the same time he charged that "a nuclear exchange, even simply tactical, would completely wipe out Europe within a depth of 3,000 kilometers, from the Atlantic to the Soviet border," and called for the immediate use of strategic weapons as the only effective means of deterring aggression.

Troubled by such doubts over US intentions and eager to block the spread of national nuclear arsenals, Washington has advanced increasingly complex devices for nuclear sharing, which have reached an apogee in the Multilateral Nuclear Force (MLF). Calling for a joint NATO fleet of 25-missile-carrying cargo ships,

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manned by a polygot crew of sailors from whatever nations can be induced to participate, this prospect has filled the London *Times* with a "nausea so overwhelming that it is sometimes hard to believe that the ships are not yet built." While this NATO navy will marshal enormous destructive power, its purpose is purely political: to block the desire of certain allies (that is, the Germans) for a bomb of their own by giving them a share in the proposed NATO deterrent.

One might imagine that such a scheme – which gives the US nothing except an awkward fleet of sitting-duck surface ships for which no plausible military justification has been tendered – would have elicited joy among our European allies. Instead, the British are falling over themselves trying to stay out of it, the French refuse to even discuss it, the Italians and the Benelux nations will go along only if their arms are continually twisted, and the rest of NATO Europe has neither the money nor the desire to join. Only the Germans are interested, and they somewhat reluctantly, for it pulls them into very treacherous waters of nuclear involvement.

What is the rationale of the US position?

To prevent the French from giving nuclear weapons to the Germans – which they never intended to do, since a major purpose of the *force de frappe* is to assure that France will remain militarily stronger than Germany – Washington proposes a new, militarily superfluous nuclear force in which Germany will be the dominant European member. To prevent the Germans from aping de Gaulle – which they have shown no desire to do, which they have sworn by treaty not to do, and which would take them at least a decade to do even if they wanted to – the US offers them access to American-made atomic missiles.

A Useless Finger

In this way, it is argued, the Germans can be prevented from seeking their own nuclear arsenal, and the US will retain the absolute control of atomic weapons that the strategy of "flexible response" demands. But since the proposed NATO navy is supposed to operate under the principle of unanimity, every member of the force would be able to apply a veto on the use of the missiles. The US (or for that matter, Britain and France if they should choose to join) could block the use of the MLF in any crisis, while still remaining free to use its own nuclear arsenal. Conversely, the other members could prevent the US from unleashing the MLF's missiles, but would have no control whatsoever over America's own strategic arsenal. It stretches the imagination to see how such a scheme could possibly satisfy the Germans for long if they are really intent on gaining control of nuclear weapons. At best it gives them a useless finger on the safety catch and none on the trigger – at the cost of nearly $2 billion over 10 years. No wonder de Gaulle has described the entire device as an ingenious plan for assuring American nuclear control.

Equally serious is the effect that a single-minded pursuit of the MLF is likely to have on relations between Russia and the West. At the 17-nation disarmament conference at Geneva, the Russians stated that the MLF, whatever America's intentions, will in fact endow Germany with an independent nuclear capacity and must be abandoned if the US is sincere about seeking an agreement on the non-dissemination of nuclear weapons. It is inconceivable, Mr. Zorin told the American delegates, that the West Germans would pay 40 percent of the cost of the MLF for the sole aim of being able "by putting its finger on the safety catch, to prevent the United States, when it desired to do so, from committing to action 200 Polaris rockets designed to make up armament of the MLF." Frightened by the possibility of an atomic-armed Germany with territorial claims against Poland, Czechoslovakia and even against the Soviet Union itself, the Russians can hardly agree to a freeze on nuclear delivery systems so long as the MLF offers the Germans the possibility of an atomic arsenal through the back door.

Despite their efforts to square the circle, the MLF's advocates are caught in a built-in contradiction: to retain the veto permanently is to create a militarily superfluous force that will satisfy no one and eventually arouse the resentment of Germans who will find that they have been tricked; to give up the veto is to endow Germany with the national nuclear arsenal that it is the undeclared objective of the MLF to prevent.

If we are willing to look upon NATO as simply an instrument of American diplomacy rather than its very substance, we can see that the spasm of anxiety that inspired the MLF is based upon an imperfect understanding of US interests. We mistakenly imagined that de Gaulle was about to take the Germans into nuclear partnership, just as we mistakenly assumed that the Germans wanted a national nuclear arsenal of their own. Fearing, this time correctly, that a Franco-German alliance would imperil our control of NATO, we sought to isolate France by establishing special nuclear ties with Germany that would head off incipient Gaullism in Europe. But what we have failed to see is that de Gaulle's policies, however irritating to our pride, surprisingly parallel our real interests.

What de Gaulle seeks is not to endow Germany with a nuclear capacity – the last thing in the world he wants – but to tie Germany so closely to her Western neighbors that she will not try to advance her interests at the expense of theirs, that she will contribute her powerful land army to the general defense of Europe,

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and that she will recognize that the acceptance of nuclear weapons from the US would seal her division indefinitely. The purpose of the Franco-German treaty signed by de Gaulle and Adenauer in January, 1963, was to stimulate the building of a confederated Europe strong enough to defend itself from attack, to balance the overwhelming weight of its powerful American protector, and, as de Gaulle explained, ". . . to create in Western Europe a construction, an organization that will be so firm, so prosperous, and so magnetic that it will open the possibilities of a European equilibrium with the states of the East and reopen the perspective of a purely European cooperation."

Prisoners to Their Alliances

Although it is currently going through a *crise de confiance*, the cooperation between Paris and Bonn rests upon more than the sentiment of two old men. While they will do almost anything not to antagonize their American protectors, the men in Bonn are much closer to Paris than they are to Washington, for de Gaulle represents their best guarantee against the consequences of a possible Russo-American deal in Central Europe or against the temptations of a revived German nationalism dealing directly and independently with the East. This must remain true no matter how often the American President feels obliged to hold the German Chancellor's hand, or how often Washington vows it just isn't so, because any German government must recognize that some day the United States might be willing to place the *detente* with Russia above the quest for the reunification of Germany within the Atlantic alliance.

Seizing upon these inbred contradictions of American policy, de Gaulle has not hesitated to warn that the US, under the impact of changing strategy as well as of evolving political interests, might pull her troops out of Europe and take her nuclear warheads with her; that Moscow and Washington might one day decide that their antagonism over Europe posed more dangers than it was worth, and that they would reach a settlement over Europe's head and perhaps at the expense of her interests. In the new spirit of cooperation between the US and Russia – marked by the test-ban treaty of last summer, the agreement to cut back fissionable material, and the signing of a long-stalled consular accord – the European allies have found a cause for disturbance as much as for relief. This is not because they like the Cold War, but because the new agreements, although limited in scope, are sweeping in their implications. If the two giants would come to terms on nuclear testing, might they not also do so on the political disputes that make the weapons necessary?

Under the pressure of their parallel interests America and Russia have been moving toward a *de facto* accord on Germany that will lessen the risk of war. The USSR has signed an innocuous friendship treaty with East Germany, but hastened to inform the West that it in no way imperiled its rights in Berlin. On both sides of the Iron Curtain there is a desire to leave the question of Germany's division in the deep freeze. Both nuclear giants are drawn toward an accord along the lines of Europe's present division, yet both find their freedom of movement hampered by their allies. As the Kremlin could cooperate with the US only at the risk of alienating China, so Washington has found that in reducing tensions with Russia it raises them with its allies.

Yet while America and Russia explore the basis of accord, there are real limits to the compromises they can make. The Russians cannot allow East Germany to be absorbed by Bonn lest Russia's entire *cordon sanitaire* in Eastern Europe collapse. Nor can they easily tolerate the prospect of an atomic-armed Germany which may one day challenge Russia for the return of the so-called "Eastern provinces." By the same token, the US cannot ignore Germany's quest for reunification without threatening the cohesion of NATO. Both NATO and the Warsaw Pact are creations of the dispute over a divided Germany, and so long as the two Germanys remain integral parts of their rival alliances, Russia and America must remain at odds in Central Europe.

They are, in this sense, both prisoners to their alliances: Russia by necessity, America by choice. In defending Pankow, either by building the Wall or demanding a peace treaty which would legitimize East Germany, the Russians provoke a crisis with Washington. By wooing Bonn through such devices as the MLF, the US antagonizes Russia and terrifies the nations of Eastern Europe. Defenseless against German demands for the recovery of the "lost territories," the satellites are forced to rely on Russia for protection. To strengthen NATO, therefore, is to reinforce the Warsaw Pact just at the time when the satellites are gaining a greater measure of national independence.

The MLF, then, is the natural enemy of the *detente*. Yet without it, may not Germany one day be tempted to nuclear nationalism with Gaullist overtones? This is certainly a possibility, but it is one that the MLF, rather than delaying, will almost surely stimulate by providing German nationalists with both the means and the justification for gaining control of nuclear weapons. Already it has made nuclear armament respectable in a Germany which has tried to avoid even thinking about, let alone acquiring, an atomic arsenal. But whatever its ambitions, neither the MLF, nor for that matter NATO itself, can prevent the Germans from pursuing the quest for reunification that must be

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a major goal of any German diplomacy. Since Russia alone has the power to make German reunification possible, Bonn must eventually negotiate with Moscow no matter who heads the German government and how strong Bonn's ties with Washington may be. If Washington hopes to buy Bonn's allegiance, the price is bound to become progressively higher as Germany gets stronger and her involvement in the MLF moves from cash on the barrelhead to control of atomic weapons.

To scuttle the MLF is not to suggest that Germany should instead be pushed into nuclear cooperation with de Gaulle – a cooperation which neither party desires – but rather an American diplomatic initiative that will offer the Germans something more hopeful than the permanent division of their country into two armed camps. The only possibility for an eventual German reunification, however distant it might be, lies in an agreement between Washington and Moscow – for only they now have the power to implement a German settlement. While such an accord on Germany could only be worked out in detailed negotiations, it must almost certainly include a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe, the acceptance of the Oder-Neisse line as Germany's permanent Eastern frontier, and the staged withdrawal of American and Soviet troops from the area. In return the Russians would have to accept a Polish or perhaps Yugoslav solution for East Germany, where in any case the Ulbricht regime could not long survive the departure of Russian troops.

End of NATO?

The withdrawal of American troops from West Germany would mean the end of NATO in its present form. But that should be no cause for mourning, for were not US soldiers to be stationed in Europe only until our allies had rebuilt their own armies and were capable of providing for their own land defense? Now that West Germany has a powerful 12-division army of her own, are we supposed to pretend that it does not exist, or that Europe faces a graver danger of Russian invasion than a decade ago when the Bundeswehr did not exist? Moreover, the deterrent to aggression in Europe lies today, as it has ever since 1945, in the American nuclear arsenal and in the American determination not to let Western Europe fall intact into Russian hands, not in the sub-clauses of the Atlantic pact. America, in defense of her own interests, would be forced to respond, in one way or another, to a Russian attack on Western Europe whether NATO existed or not. Rather than seeking nuclear gimmicks to revive a moribund alliance, we can cease viewing NATO as one of the cornerstones of American democracy – like free speech and the right to vote – and judge it simply as a military alliance which was once vital but is not necessarily eternal – an alliance that may now be expendable. Like the sentry who kept guarding Catherine the Great's rosebush a century after it turned into a patch of weeds, we have forgotten why NATO was created in the first place, and find it hard to know when the rosebush has died and the soldier might be better used elsewhere.

It is not General de Gaulle who is wrecking the vision of an "Atlantic world" centered around NATO, but a changing political reality which is rendering the alliance obsolete. At a time when the satellites are showing the first signs of "national independence" (which we applaud in Rumania even as we condemn it in France), NATO offers only the prospect of a Europe forever divided into two hostile power blocs, one under American protection, the other under Russian dominance. It is not surprising that de Gaulle should elicit such widespread agreement when he declares that "the partition of the universe into two camps, respectively led by Washington and Moscow, reflects the real situation less and less."

As their own strength increases and their fear of Russia diminishes, the European allies will be less inclined to follow American policy when it is contrary to their political or commercial interests – whether in Vietnam, in Cuba or in Latin America. Having been stripped of their colonies, often under pressure from Washington, the Europeans do not share our concern over Communist expansion in Asia, and indeed are perfectly willing to accept Chinese hegemony in the Pacific since it weakens Soviet pressure in Europe by forcing the Russians to protect their Eastern frontiers.

The Russian military threat which so obsessed the West, and no nation more than the United States, is being replaced by political and economic competition. The only difference is that China and the new Europe are entering the fray, and the competition is now being waged for influence in the churning "third world" and no longer for the mastery of Europe. Thus, after nearly two decades of Cold War and an arms race that more than once threatened to incinerate us all, we are back where we started. Only this time America and Russia no longer have the power to split up the world between them, or even to keep their allies in line. The collapse of their control over their alliances is likely to lead to entirely new, and perhaps surprising, political alignments as the satellites play off Peking against Moscow, as the Europeans help China to industrialize and challenge Washington's hold on Latin America, and as the US and Russia join forces to contain an aggressive China and an assertive Europe.

For the moment, however, we are in a period of transition, that murky time when a rosebush in the hand – even if it is a clump of weeds – seems better than planting a new garden.

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Hammarskjold: The Last Haiku

by Clifton Anderson

Assessment of the private character of public men is a time-honored blood sport, fairer perhaps when the quarry is alive, more merciful often when he is dead and only relatively killable. Sport in this field too has its unwritten code, one of the articles being that some compunction shall go with the enjoyment; another, that where possible certain regions of the subject's inner life, while not avoided, should be not quite so ruthlessly invaded. At such points a measure of unknowing is allowed, a gap in the evidence through which in extreme cases of self-denial a hunter might even let the game escape. But when the pursued himself lifts the taboo, and under no compulsion but his own invites the massed attentions of the hunt, the protection that both code and protocol might have afforded Hammarskjöld are temporarily abolished; the chase is on for the personage behind the multiple appearances.

Markings
by Dag Hammarskjöld
translated by W. H. Auden
and Leif Sjöberg
(Knopf; $4.95)

Out of the tri-dimensional life of Hammarskjöld two likenesses are fixed in *Markings*. From personal recollection and the special angle of a fellow-poet and believer, far removed from politics, W. H. Auden discerns in him: "a great, good and lovable man," who, with mystical passion and evangelical single-heartedness, "deliberately set out to eliminate all selfish or self-regarding motives . . . to act solely for the good of others and the glory of God." This is one picture. The second, profoundly different, emerges out of the mosaic of Hammarskjöld's thoughts and verses that compose the book – a work so remarkable in its sheer unremarkableness, so fulfilled in its reticences and omissions that its value as self-portraiture is outstanding.

What of the third dimension? Here we must consider the Secretary-General of the United Nations primarily as a political personage, the protagonist in a drama of heroic dimensions. Here is a more substantial figure: the eminent diplomatist and man of parts, wholly contained in the sum of his singular, perhaps unique, abilities. In the conception and execution of his task, Hammarskjöld epitomized the distinction between the committed and the dedicated man. His was a mind fired by the intellectual and professional challenge as much as by conviction. Essentially not an evangelist, he nevertheless had the crusader's drive.

His ability to command loyalties and his undoubted powers of persuasion owed more to richness of character and quality of mind than to other components of personality that more commonly proclaim the leader. In these he was impressive, rather than for the deeper kind of dynamism that has its source in what we call "religious spirit"; he lacked the gentleness that goes with that. Also one's feeling at first, and experience afterwards, was that though spiritual values counted for much with him, material values were not inferior as he saw them.

He lacked compassion, but could be kind and understanding in a very true sense. The almost instantaneous sentiments of loyalty and enthusiasm he was able to evoke were due largely to recognition of his intellectual brilliance and the charming simplicity with which he wore his exceptional gifts.

Sympathy seemed less a part of him, but the rest was so unusual. His complete unpretentiousness hid, but did not exclude, pretension; the keen sense of the ridiculous in human, especially official, behavior endeared him to his contemporaries; his non-moralizing but deep sense of propriety earned their respect. A native discipline as well as a natural kindness gave him the attitude of patience and humility untouched by condescension towards his intellectual inferiors; that was one of the secrets of his personal ascendancy. "Rather than wisdom, many of his political inspirations were the effect of a lightning perception by an innate astuteness always on the alert.

I think a "great man" is something else, yet Hammarskjöld did unquestionably achieve greatness in his work at the United Nations where he was in full view, just as he was reputed to have done in the less conspicuous posts of Governor of the Bank of Sweden and Deputy Foreign Minister. UN procedures of mediation embodying the checks and balances inaugurated by him are a lasting contribution, and a creative one out of which original pattern others will develop. But to have promoted the image of a Secretary-General self-endowed with powers of initiative beyond what the UN's political reality can always carry was not without danger, and may yet prove to have been a costly experiment.

Though many were the indications that Hammarskjöld might be experimenting to some extent for personal satisfaction, no one working close to him would have questioned that he was primarily actuated by higher motives. Few, on the other hand, may go so far as to accept the extreme suggestion of his *Markings* that his attitudes reflected a higher will.

Was he less than he seemed to be, or more? In the light of this book, for my part, I reserve judgment. But what I think can be said about the profile in which he thought he saw his most authentic self, is that it would not be endorsed as such by most who had worked beside him day by day for any length of time.

Markings is not what the Secretary-

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General's non-worshipping but sincere, discerning and loyal friends would have hoped for in the way of an intel lectual and spiritual testament, let alone a parting keepsake. Some consider it with embarrassment, not knowing what to make of so gratuitous an example of discrepancy, unreason and excess, and the more they liked the man the more they wish it had never appeared. These friends will be glad for him when its incongruities have faded out in kind of oblivion.

Very little of the book is Hammarskjöld's. When all the acknowledged and unacknowledged borrowings have been subtracted from the prose section, a great deal of the work has gone. From a literary standpoint, *Markings* is one of those dilettante works which nevertheless is of rarer value than meets the eye. It makes an impact but is boring and repetitious, solemn, tense with effort – as Mr. Auden points out in his introduction – and what is worse sadly unconvincing. Intended for the public, it is doubtful that its publication, however many languages it appears in, and however well it may sell, will make it many people's bedside reading. But if Hammarskjöld's desire that it should be published was dictated by his belief in his predestination, this may well be one case where he was not mistaken. For this book does not need a multitude of readers to become the portrait that he thought it was; it needs only one. For that one it was written unawares, and must live until he arrives: the novelist or playwright into whose illuminating hands *Markings* must fall, will hold the ground-plan of a masterpiece.

Together, the wholly accessible picture of the public man's recorded life and death and the picture of the private man drawn by the man himself, form so extraordinary and indivisible a synthesis that only life could have invented it. No artist would have risked depicting an imaginary character of such undeviating consistency, whose end was so manifest in its beginning, and whose progression from stage to stage was marked by such conformity with the general design and such rare punctuality in each occurrence. This mortal character in search of an author, who only needs to meet the author in search of just this character – how should they not be destined to find each other and soar to immortality together?

Not a satire – the personage is too humanly engaging and too good for that; not a tragedy either – the personage falls short of grandeur. But a drama of ambition, of self-demonstration of insatiable search for conquests – a feat of mountaineering, an exacting office, a life-pattern of daunting difficulty, an intractable literary form. Nothing for its own sake, all for strength, all for the hand of the lever of achievement. The "mystic" who conceives his dealings with divinity as a "White Paper" concerning his "negotiations" with God; the achiever of suffering for whom Jesus is that other bearer of the Cross. How shattering, created by a master, could be the drama of such a self-deceiver by his Self deceived.

"Seventeen syllables opened the door to memory, to meaning." This sentence stands at the head of the poetic section of *Markings*, mainly composed of the *haikus* chiselled out of the ungiving material of a verbal concreteness not suited to the chosen form. Into these verses the essence has been stored: the "meaning" behind the spirit's travail and the body's taming, the withdrawal into the void where Action, "sole valid expression of faith in the contemporary world," is engendered in the "ultimate present" of mystical absolution with regard to consequence.

But one verse is missing, one extraction of the "meaning" is still in abeyance, waiting for Hammarskjöld's appointed interpreter. The last *haiku* in *Markings* should stand as the title of the novel or the play that he will make, and be the subject's epitaph:

He has cast Aaron's Rod;
None knew whence the Mandate:
Serpent or Scepter?

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Beating That Boy Again

by Reed Whittemore

The trouble with reviewing Ralph Ellison's *Shadow and Act* is that the review must involve "beating that boy" again – that is, conducting another of the polite little chats about the "Negro problem" that Ellison is so tired of. Yet so much of *Shadow and Act* is a discussion of right and wrong ways of beating that boy that the author can get more and more depressed as the comments on it roll in. He has made his own small "Negro problem" by writing so well about the big one.

Shadow and Act
by Ralph Ellison
(Random House; $5.95)

Among those he corrects in their boy beating are the critics Stanley Edgar Hyman, Malcolm Cowley and Irving Howe, and the novelists Hemingway, Faulkner and Mark Twain. The degree of correction varies: among the critics, Howe is the one most severely criticized, for having insisted that *all* Negro writers should emulate Richard Wright and express "black" anger and "clenched militancy." Among the novelists, Hemingway comes off worst for having failed to understand Huck Finn's moral problem with Nigger Jim (and by extension having failed to face up to many central moral problems in his own novels). Yet Howe is addressed as an old and good friend, and Hemingway is described as "more important [to Ellison personally] than Wright," even though Wright obviously haunts him. In other words Ellison chooses to take on the worthiest boy beaters he can find, and in so doing demonstrates a fine awareness of how incredibly difficult it is to beat that boy soundly.

Some of the essays are personal and literary, having to do with Ellison's own beginnings as a writer or with his conceptions of what the writing act should involve, and some are pretty straight sociology; but all of them are informed by a complicated but consistent thesis about the Negro's need for identity in a world which has deprived him of social, spiritual and economic opportunities to satisfy that need. The thesis is complicated because, as he points out, not many whites seem to know who or where they are either; and because in many respects the Negro has preserved, despite mixed origins, interbreeding and vast cultural watering, much more identity than the whites – that is, racial identity. But racial identity in a culture which despises and oppresses the race (and then feels guilty about its oppressions) is hardly the same thing as the human identity which the individual Negro seeks. Where the Negro should be part of the culture – and writers both black and white should be "searching for images of black and white fraternity" – he finds himself set apart instead, regarded as sub-human, and therefore incapable of participating fully in the culture. If he is a writer he is particularly sensitive to the obstacles to participation because he knows – or at least Ellison knows – that he'll never be a good writer so long as his concerns are restricted to the "Negro problem." Identity as a man is what he seeks.

Thinking of all the faceless, characterless figures in American literature – of the unbeings in Cummings, of the crowd on London Bridge in *The Waste Land*, of the damned soldiers in a hundred poems and novels – one might be disposed to ask cynically why the Negro should feel more faceless than the white. Yet the answer is easy; not only is the Negro's anonymity more profound than the white's, but it is much more steadily apparent. The white can ignore his trouble by choosing to be a dullard (letting his poets do his feeling for him), but the Negro is given his trouble daily on a platter, forced into awareness of it. Also he is, unlike the white, able to localize the trouble, pin the blame down; so he doesn't have the saving opportunities for insensitivity and spiritual apathy the white has. The white, as his angry poets keep pointing out, can go through his waking social life (up and down the escalators, in and out of the loan offices) with the sensibility of a cabbage, but

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the Negro is obliged to have his nerve ends twitched twenty-four hours a day.

In white literature, as a result, the concern for identity is apt to manifest itself mainly in thought and dream, in the mutterings of the 3 a.m. psyche, while in Negro literature it will come out in practical, everyday social terms. "Prufrock" *vs. The Invisible Man.*

Yet a work by Wright or Baldwin would be a more appropriate counterpart to "Prufrock" than Ellison's *Invisible Man.* For Ellison distinguishes himself from the Negro writers Irving Howe wanted him to join. He seems to have been a humanist of a fairly spacious 19th-Century sort ever since youth when, having been named Ralph Waldo Ellison, he first looked in on humanism as it was manifest, dimly, in bourgeois Oklahoma City:

> "I wanted the world in which you wore your Sunday clothes every day. I wanted it because it represented something better, a more exciting and civilized and human way of living . . . which I glimpsed sometimes through the windows of great houses on Sunday afternoons when my mother took my brother and me through the wealthy white sections of the city. I know it now for a boy's vague dream of possibility. Hoolie [a white childhood friend] was part of it, and shop-window displays of elegant clothing, furniture, automobiles – those Lincolns and Marmons! – and of course music and books. And for me none of this was hopelessly beyond the reach of my Negro world, really; because if you worked and you fought for your rights, and so on, you could finally achieve it."

He was brought up not only with jazz and Negro American lore but with the Harvard Classics and pulp magazines and Haldeman-Julius Blue Books and *Vogue* and then, finally, at college, the whole blooming modern literary show, with *The Waste Land* as the biggest attraction of all. Following college he went to New York fully committed to be a writer, not a Negro writer but a compleat writer, with his "dream of possibility" still undiminished:

> "It seems to me that one of the obligations I took on when I committed myself to the art and form of the novel was that of striving for the broadest range, the discovery and articulation of the most exalted values."

Now here he is, about twenty-five years later, still propounding the dream. Both in *The Invisible Man* and now in *Shadow and Act* he keeps moving the psychic, the artistic, the moral man to the center of things, pushing the social and racial issues aside. He wishes to fulfill his "dual potentialities as Negro and American"; he does not believe the Negro to be so oppressed, even in Mississippi, to be without "possibilities for human richness"; he thinks of himself as, like all American writers, "a custodian of the American language." And while he recognizes his responsibilities to the Negro Freedom Movement ("I am enlisted for the duration"), he thinks that his big job is literary – "to publish more novels." What Ellison is saying is that if his invisible man is to become truly visible, *social* humanizing is only a starter.

For a Negro to propound such things, when he has been effectively locked out of the humanist room for generations, is something of an event, and Ellison knows it. He knows that the whites have *thought* him locked out (the whites have an "inner psychological need to view Negroes as less than men"), and he knows keenly the extent to which many of his race have indeed been locked out. So he is aware of the rarity of his position when he denies, and effectively backs up the denial, that he has personally been anything but a long-time frequenter of the room. And Ellison is tough-minded as he does so. He knows limits as well as possibilities, and how oppressive are those limits for someone stuck, professionally as well as emotionally, with the "Negro problem."

Shadow and Act is an uneven book, as all collections of essays written over a considerable period and for different occasions are apt to be. Sometimes the rhetoric in it seems florid (especially coming from a big Hemingway admirer), and sometime the literary talk in it has a kind of textbook or classroom flavor that I find disconcerting. Certainly it is a book that is apt to find its audience too readily in English Department circles where the course of the American Novel, and how many knots it has logged this week, become subjects even more tiresome than the one of beating that boy. Yet as a sort of appendix to *The Invisible Man,* and as a prelude to the novel he is presumably now writing, it is useful. And as a straightforward account of how at least one Negro decided it was possible to join the human race, and so did so, it is even exciting. Has any other Negro writer done this lately? And how about the white artists? Most of them seem instead to be trying to secede.

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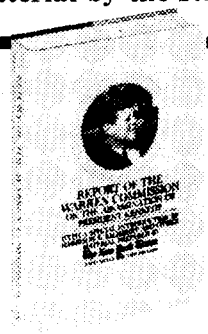

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Here Comes Another Generation

by Joseph Epstein

The title of Jeremy Larner's first novel being *Drive, He Said*, the logical question is, "Where to?" What is Larner driving at? That old standby, it turns out – the generational statement: that low moan of exasperation that arises every ten years or so from yet another troop deprived of the sheer, uncomplicate joy of jumping into the fountain at the Plaza. At 27, Larner is of the gen-

Drive, He Said
by Jeremy Larner
(Delacorte; $3.95)

eration which was born at the tail-end of the Depression, spent its childhood during World War II, and has passed its adolescence and early manhood in the nervous affluence of the Cold War. If, like every other generation before it, this one shares the fate of being set loose in a world it never made, it can at least be conceded that it is a world more complex and more encouraging of the feeling of hopelessness than any that have gone before.

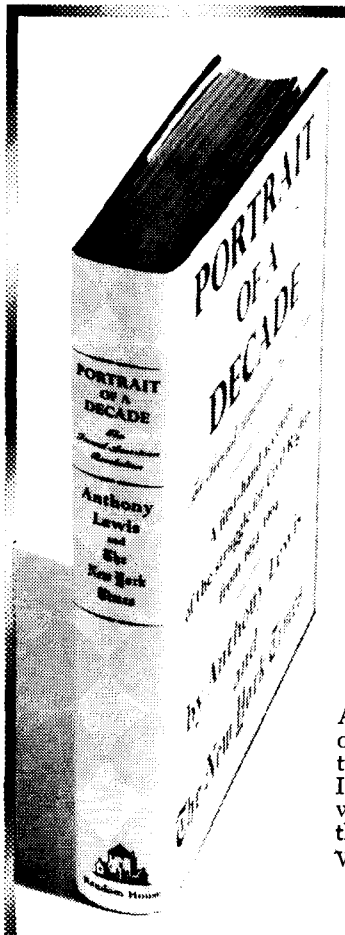
Larner's reaction to all this is, in the pure sense, radical, for he believes that it is also a world that must be changed because it isn't much worth inhabiting as it is. The immediate targets of his novel – and of his radicalism – are the Cold War and the Bomb. Yet it is not merely nuclear arsenals he would dismantle. His text is that Cold War values have come to befoul just about all aspects of American life, leaving a legacy of false morality, menacing accommodation, and an absolute loss of spontaneity. The legatees, his own generation, cannot – to adopt a trade word – "coexist" with these values except at peril to their own estimate of their wealth as human beings.

The very first incident in *Drive, He Said* offers a case in point. It has to do with another of those by-now familiar Cold War crises; this one involving the criss-crossing of satellites (ours and the Enemy's), considerable rattling of sabers, and the cutting off of food supplies and complete defoliation of an island with coca-cola bombs. Of it, Larner writes:

> "But so far America was not involved. Nor was the Enemy. There had been no direct contact between satellites or between our observers and their instructors. Our leaders had taken a firm line. 'We must not fight from fear, but neither must we fear from fight.' To which the Enemy replied with a bluff: 'To plug in our thermal bomb and burn the world to a cinder would be ashes in our mouth; nonetheless we cannot shrink from our commitments'."

Ambivalence on these matters is not Larner's problem. Craft is. *Drive, He Said* is an ardently, even a wilfully, modern novel. Comic invention often blurs into fantasy, and either is at any moment just as likely to blur a sermonette. Obscenity – lowdown and daring – is there in proper measure. And if for no other reason the book must be accounted distinguished for having not one but two anti-heroes.

These are Hector Bloom, a Jewish All-American basketball player, and Gabriel Reuben, an ex-Anglo-Catholic son of Jewish parents who sports a visionary politics of Revolution: "Today, tomorrow, anyday!" Both are students at a small upstate New York college and both, as pretty quickly becomes evident, are actually an amalgam of one complete character: Hector representing physical grace and Gabriel intellectual adventurousness, the two qualities Larner seems most to admire. The boys are put through their paces: doing the Village scene, making it with professors' wives, and all the while allowing Larner the latitude to comment on practically every going literary concern: war, jazz, politics, true orgasm, pot, psychoanalysis, homosex-



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uality, Negroes, Jews, Zen, advertising, *et alia*. And so it goes till at one point Gabriel butchers a professor's wife during a hideously inept attempt at seduction (a lesson in true spontaneity?) and, later, takes his own life by setting fire to a mammoth effigy of the university president in a Wholeness of Western Man parade float in which he is hiding. At the book's end, Hector, after witnessing a middle-aged pacifist saint trampled and killed by a stupid crowd, is "still alive, still on his feet and breathing, and he would get over it, *yes*. Or else he would never get over it. *Oh he would get over it*. He would get over it. Yes"

All rather mechanical, but that, I'm afraid, is how much of *Drive, He Said* reads. Still, Larner has his moments, and two in particular stand out. One finds Gabriel alone in the New York apartment of a friend as a parade celebrating our man on the moon – the man who beat the Enemy – passes on the street below. To the shower of tape and confetti being tossed out of other windows, Gabriel adds all the clothing, books, china and every stick of furniture in the place, including a stereo set, woofers, tweeters and all – stopping only at not heaving a small child down upon the blond, blue-eyed Cold War culture hero. The other is a beautifully written account of a basketball game in which Hector – hooking, tipping, dunking, set and jump shooting – turns in a 64-point ballet performance. A paean to physical grace, the life of the body, its rhythms are perfect, its description absolutely authentic. Far and away it is the best sustained prose in the book; it is also the only part of the novel where it is not reaching for a political point.

As for political points, a good many of them slip away. Professor Morton Solomon, for example, is a Thirties radical, a liberal with contempt for liberals, who has set up shop as an arms-control expert and who now commands serious attention in government circles. The type is apparently endemic at universities and aching for a good verbal thrashing, but Larner merely has Gabriel call Solomon an "Ivy League Lenin" and lets it go at that. Similarly, Larner can arrange a party for a vast assortment of types in a great, transparent nuclear shelter, but can arrange nothing very amusing for them to say. Instead the inventor of the shelter, an American Krupp named Moses Mandel, uses the party as an occasion for throwing a drunk and delivering himself of a bathetic sermon on lost youthful visions and the sad necessity of compromise in the grubby real world. It is another instance of many in *Drive, He Said* where what starts out as a cold shaft of satire dissipates in flight into a warm marshmallow of moralizing.

Finally, what sort of generation does *Drive, He Said* depict? It is, for one thing, deeply skeptical on some matters yet grossly sentimental on others. It loathes Cold War doublethink and every other kind of obscurity yet talks

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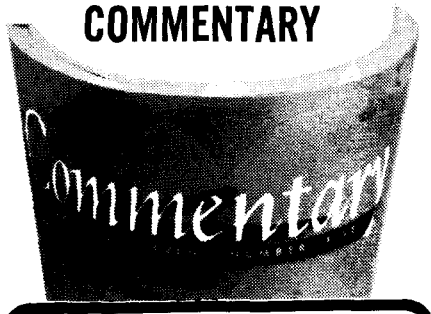

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in hipster – a language that, despite its pretensions to cutting sharp and going deep, fogs thought and ignores nuance. It claims to be greatly concerned about the Bomb, the explosion from without, yet pays little heed to – what seems to me – the more terrifying possibility of an explosion from within each of us. But perhaps, as Larner might claim, the two are related.

Jack London Today

by Maxwell Geismar

What can we make of Jack London today? This superbly brilliant talent, if cold, abstract and a-human, which then proceeded to divert and fragment and destroy itself on so many levels of literary tradition he wished to exemplify? The one thing I am sure of is that we simply can't wash Jack London out of the national letters, as has been done in the last decades by the Cold War Liberals, the Trillingesque Jamesians, the New Criticism and the prevailing Establishment of sensibility, technique, good taste. London is too powerful for that, too lurid, too much of an historical event, an influence; he is too interesting, and appealing, and informative. Even in bits and fragments, he has contributed to the national heritage; and he is in fact one of those "dark writers" of violence and despair whom the French, for example, are so fond of in the American tradition.

The chances are that, like Poe, he will shortly be rediscovered in Europe, in this new context, and then here. Meanwhile the present biography by Richard O'Connor reminds us of all this in a thorough, solid, decent and rather flat mode. It has everything in it we need. (Well, of course, there are some sensational scandals, I'd think, still to be revealed about London's life; and after Irving Stone's *Sailor on Horseback*, which first broke into this hidden area and revealed the fact of London's suicide, Mr. O'Connor was not allowed access to the Huntington Library collection.) But it still isn't the biography we want. I suspect Jack London is too complex for Mr. O'Connor's conscientious but rather literal and unpsychological journalism. The present volume is an up-dating and a supplement to the Stone biography of 1938 – which was subsequently titled "a biographical novel," perhaps because of libel-suit

Jack London
by Richard O'Connor
(Little, Brown; $6.75)

art and life. This first genuine proletarian talent in our literature, uneducated and self-educated, rising by sheer force of will from the depths of that social pit which London knew so intimately and feared so intensely – and which then squandered a fortune, for an artist, on yachts which were unseaworthy and baronial castles that burned down and scientific farming where even the prize animals died of mysterious diseases. This fervent, dedicated, scandalous revolutionary socialist of his own period who ended up as a superman racist, if not worse; and yet was a tremendous influence upon such diverse writers as Anatole France and George Orwell, who took the title for *1984* from *The Iron Heel*.

I could add more paradoxes, enigmas, puzzles; this blond beast of a sexual animal who had no use for women, never understood them or portrayed them in his work, and in the end despised sex along with everything and everybody else. Oh, what a tragedy is here; and yet we cannot identify in human terms with Jack London either, this artist who identified himself most brilliantly and persuasively with the animal world of wolves and monkeys and dogs. And what a moral lesson – though does the career of Jack London really show what America does to its writers, as the Marxist critics argue – or did London himself, more probably, do more than his bit to corrupt the

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threats. Yet somehow the Stone book got closer to London's true temperament, which is unique in our literary record, which presents us with a fantastic case history along with a shattered literary career. And what was the salient point of all this? He was an orphan, illegitimate, disowned and rejected both by the man who was probably his father and in effect by his eccentric and outrageous mother too. He was desperately and brutally poor; he knew the lower depths of American society at the turn of the century better than anybody else; and such books as *The People of the Abyss* and *The Road* are flawed but nonetheless fascinating documentaries.

Whether because of poverty and brute hunger, or lack of breast-feeding and mother-love, etc., or, as I think, some deep biological affinity with the animal rather than the human world, the fact is that I have never come across another writer as oral and as plain cannibalistic as London. These were the early circumstances which led into that genius-stricken, dazzling and horrifying self-education which is related so brilliantly in the first half of *Martin Eden*, one of the great flawed documents in our literary heritage. We have no other autobiographical novel quite like *Martin Eden*, despite the weaker but prophetic and supermanish second half of this work. Mr. O'Connor's own rather naïve cold-water patriotism makes him consistently apologetic for Jack London's revolutionary socialism – pre-Stalin, you know, and not to be thought of *after* Russian totalitarianism – and enables him also to dismiss *The Iron Heel* rather cursorily, while he devotes space to such a bad novel as *Burning Daylight*. Yet *The Iron Heel* left such an impression on me that after it I could never view American society quite the same way.

By 1910, when London was publishing *Revolutionary Essays* and not yet 35 years old – he was washed up. All the rest was a series of incredible catastrophes out of which perhaps one book, *John Barleycorn* in 1913, remains as another fascinating and fantastic episode of self-revelation. London, too, like Henry James, or like Saul Bellow of *Herzog*, was mired down in an obsessive, persuasive, all-compelling kind

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of pre-Oedipal narcissistic vanity, in which everything was ultimately self-image, but a self-image which was never true, never accurate, never honest – and in fact the absolute reverse of the truth. This was the basis of the alcoholic temperament which London became; but writers can have this, apparently, without being alcoholic – though also, I must add, this temperament can produce no major writers, or writing.

Toward the end he was almost completely shut off, in that "white silence" of his despair and emptiness, his alcoholism, his lack of interest in the hack writing that produced him the money which he spent, gave away, dissipated in folly. He averaged around $75,000 yearly during this period – perhaps the highest paid journalist of his time – and always in debt. Like Eugene O'Neill, he disappeared in New York on extended, almost interminable binges; but unlike O'Neill, or any other serious writer in our record, he could find no returning comfort, no security, no pleasure or achievement in his own craft. (Another trouble with Mr. O'Connor's biography is his apparent lack of familiarity with the lives and work of London's contemporaries like Mark Twain or Stephen Crane; and this biography tends to exalt London at the cost of Theodore Dreiser!) During this final, desperate, horrifying phase of Jack London's life, his relations with his second wife – a prattling child, a harridan, a cat, a tigress, a mate-woman or a bitch, if you prefer – got very confused and murky. London's later short stories, and the novel called *The Little Lady of the Big House*, reveal his fantasies of killing her. And perhaps vice versa; possibly his sudden death was not altogether unexpected or undesired on her part.

He had uremic poisoning, which his liquor and his compulsive gourmandizing (or gluttony) did not help. But Jack London's psyche was poisoned even more than his body, and the paranoid racism in such a late novel as *The Valley of the Moon* (1913) is painful to behold. And now he broke the last real tie in his life, and the purest strain in his spirit: that to the animal kingdom itself. (He boasted of calling himself "Wolf," but the most poignant emotion in his writing was the "long heart-broken puppy wail" of disenchanted innocence.) In London's last two dog stories, the central figure was "a nigger-chasing, adorable Irish terrier puppy" (*sic!*) in the head-hunting, sadistic and cannibalistic Solomon Islands. Both Jerry and his canine brother Michael are "white-men's dogs" – they are, as I said some years ago, Superdogs; and the iron heel of Jack London's own prejudices was now stamping out the common bush dogs, the exiled "gutter cats," the mongrels of natural biology, such as himself. This was a long, long step from the beautiful things in *The Call of the Wild;* and what can one feel about such a career except horror and despair – and a curious fascination, not yet answered, as to who Jack London really was.

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Rex Imperator

My Fair Lady (Warner)
Woman in the Dunes (Pathe Contemporary)
The Soft Skin (Cinema V)

The film of *My Fair Lady* is worth every penny of the $17 million it reportedly cost because it preserves Rex Harrison's performance. Whatever one thinks of the musical, of the very idea of the musical, his performance is clearly a flower of artistic elegance with its roots in three - hundred - year - old comic styles, a miracle of ease that results from a lifetime's training of superb talents. One had only to see others in this part to see a) imitators of him; b) actors who had stepped into it rather than grown into it, relying mostly on superficial suavities. Harrison is so rich in the role that, even in this musicalized version of Higgins, he gives us a small intellectual-social history.

This is not to delimit him to comedy; no one familiar with his career would believe it. But even in serious roles, his methods derive from his comedy perceptions and techniques (as is true of Guinness, as is not true of Olivier). For this reason he is *par excellence* a Shaw actor, and it is an artistic crime that, besides his Cusins of some years back, we have not had his Tanner, his Ridgeon, and a non-Mankiewicz Caesar.

Among the others in the cast the two eminent performances are Mona Washbourne's housekeeper, starchy enough to be a comic comment without verging on caricature, and Gladys Cooper's Mrs. Higgins, giving us in a smaller role a smaller measure of Harrison's qualities. Audrey Hepburn, as Liza, is frequently appealing, sometimes looks young enough, and is never downright poor; but she has long been accustomed to tailor-made roles and she tries to tailor Liza to herself as she goes. It is one thing for an actress to infuse a role with her personality, quite another to make the role a showcase for a personality. Miss Hepburn often tries to supply what her fans expect.

Her initial cockney accent is insecure. When Harrison reads her lines from phonetic transcription, he sounds the way she ought to have sounded. Also, when her songs occur, it is not always unnoticeable that another voice takes over for her.

Cecil Beaton, that transmigrated Yellow Book soul, has designed gorgeous costumes, especially the ladies' hats – clothes that make metaphor out of mode. His scenery is less successful. The outdoor sets contrast a somewhat stagey feeling with the interiors which are realistically noodled within an inch of their inhabitants' lives. George Cukor's direction is like a rich gravy poured over everything, not remotely as delicately right as the Asquith-Howard *Pygmalion*. It is at its worst in the heavy handling of Stanley Holloway's musical numbers. Presumably, too, Cukor is responsible for miscasting Wilfred Hyde-White, a good actor, as Pickering, who should be more staunch, blunt, courtly. Was John Williams not available?

The songs by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, excepting the servants' banal "Poor Professor Higgins" litany, still sound pretty and clever. Lerner's screenplay spells out the last bit of suggestive transition that his stage version had retained.

Despite all reservations expressed, I must make clear that his fantastically successful show has been converted into a generally entertaining film. But – as against the play from which it was taken – the word "great" has, as usual, been too generously applied. Only Harrison's performance begins to deserve the term. His first name has never seemed more apt.

A new Japanese director, Hiroshi Teshigahara makes an extremely impressive debut in this country with *Woman in the Dunes*. It is the story of an ultra-contemporary office worker who goes to a lonely beach on his vacation to

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pursue his hobby of insect-collecting. He stumbles on an isolated, impoverished fishing village which has built its houses in deep pits in the dunes to protect them from the weather. He stays overnight as the guest of a woman in such a house. In the morning the ladder is not thrown down for him to leave; the village is short of manpower and he is kept a working prisoner. He is to help shovel sand into buckets, which are drawn up, to keep the house from being slowly buried. He is also presumably to beget children with the woman. He is thus press-ganged into the survival and continuity of the struggling village. His evolution in the pit house is, in story and symbol, the material of the film.

The script was adapted by Kobo Abé from his recently published novel of the same name. The film is much more effective than the book. This is simply because Teshigahara is a better artist than Abé. All through the novel we are conscious of plot device: a trick situation set up to demonstrate points, like a laboratory experiment. The film shifts our attention from device to drama because the two chief characters and the environment are not only more convincingly created here but much more poetically employed. Even allowing for the fact that it is easier to take a picture of a sand dune than to describe it, Abé's prose (at least in the English provided) does not equal Teshigahara's eye, and the novelist's structural sense – of sentence, paragraph, chapter – is inferior to the director's visual structures, his feeling for rhythm and montage. One of his potent devices is a counterpoint of extreme close-up – almost of pores – to convey the closeness of the pair and the inescapable grittiness of the sand.

Eiji Okada (the man in *Hiroshima Mon Amour*) and Kyoko Kishida are good as the couple. The music by Toru Takemitsu is spare and pungent. Hiroshi Segawa's photography is a somber delight.

A number of themes are implied, a chief one being the concept of freedom. Without leaden explication it becomes clear that the man's life in this submerged house is not *essentially* less free than his previous life; only the ad-

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jectives have changed. (Apparent constriction instead of hidden constriction.) The erotic scenes are powerful, and in a relatively discreet way. There is much reason to hope for more fine films from Teshigahara after this fine debut.

François Truffaut's latest picture, *The Soft Skin*, is a failure. His triangle story is disappointingly trite in every regard and the conclusion is, alas, laughably melodramatic. But it should not be overlooked that, granted the poor script and the casting of the uninteresting Françoise Dorleac as the other girl, there is hardly another director who could have made this film with, so to speak, the camera in the palm of his hand. Three moments show Truffaut in top form: an undressing scene in which some intercutting of close-ups of the man's face increases not only sexuality but pathos: a scene in which, when the girl suddenly appears, he crumples a telegram he has been writing to her and we cut to the crumpled words "I love you" as he looks at her face; and a night scene in which, after she has telephoned agreeing to meet him next day, he walks around his hotel suite with an unchanged face, unconsciously turning on all the lights. STANLEY KAUFFMANN

ART

The Pleasant Cataclysm

Here it is well into November and they haven't even re-staged the 1914 German invasion of Belgium yet: it is clear that the fiftieth anniversary of the Great War in Europe is not going to cut anything like the swath made by the one hundredth anniversary of our own Civil War. The underlying reason is not far to seek. These reconstructions, reenactments, resurrections – in general, anything called "authentic" – all have sound economic reasons behind them, the most innocent of which is tourism. The reason the Civil War industry has gone into overtime the last four years is not the need to draw unwary Northern vacation dollars down into Magnolialand, but rather that the Old Slaveowners League is fighting for its life. The Legree types have all but lost control of the Democratic Party and are still, despite occasional appearences, far from control of the Republicans. They still own both houses of Congress but these fiefs are worth less than they used to be, and even at the new marked-down values their control there is challenged regularly, sometimes successfully. Hence, on to Bull Run and Mobile Bay and the vague hope that things will turn out differently this time around. In Germany, no such problem exists: Krupp, a convicted war criminal, was sprung out of the hoosegow by the United States. There is no need to reenact the bayonetting of Belgian babies: the men who made the bayonets are being taken care of without resort to reenactments.

It's too bad for a lot of reasons and one of them is art. The year 1914 was not only a wonderful year for Kruppism – what year isn't? – it was quite a year for the new art of our century. It has long been customary in art history books to compare the two cataclysms occurring simultaneously in art and in world affairs, to see one as somehow the product of the other, or at any rate to see both as the product of some common upheaval in the oversoul of European man. This viewpoint is traditionally summed up in the anecdote about Picasso watching the camouflaged tanks rolling through the streets of Paris and remarking, in effect, "Hey, they're playing our song," a reference to the shapes of Cubism and the vanishing of object into fractured planes. The guitar, the morning paper, the pipe, the grapes, were assumed to have been shattered into bits in a manner analagous to the shattering of Verdun. With such material around for reexamination, if only the United States could have restrained its enthusiasm for Krupp and his peers, the old jailbird might have had to run a cultural festival of some kind to get back in society, and part of the festival would certainly have been a bonanza exhibition of the new art of that time.

To take up the slack, the Baltimore Museum of Art has just opened the most challenging and most brilliantly realized show of the new season along the East Coast: "1914," an assembly of 242 paintings, drawings and sculpture created in that year in Europe and America. The Museum is doing this to celebrate its own fiftieth anniversary but it is not unaware of cataclysms going on elsewhere while it was itself opening its doors.

Any such ambitious survey of two worlds of art in a single year is necessarily limited by availabilities, but accepting such limitations and rising above them, Dr. Gertrude Rosenthal has brought together a varied yet unified image of one year in a remarkable period. The great French movements are well represented, but so are

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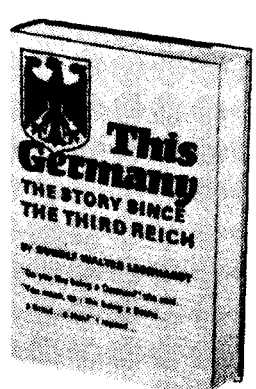

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English painting, Italian painting, German painting and, very strongly, American painting, as well as sculpture from all these lands. The result is to lend a little better perspective to the period than we usually have. We all tend to think of the whole art development of that time as primarily French, with other things either French-export or less valuable. His is not that simple.

From our own jingoistic point of view, it is good to see that the Americans of the time were not quite so muddle-headed and butterfingered as they are too often thought to have been. If the Great War thrust us out into the great world, our art had anticipated our foreign policy by some years. Our national appearence in the Baltimore reconstruction of art in 1914 is ever so much stronger than our appearence in last year's resurrection of the Armory Show in New York. We really did look like bumpkins there, outclassed by the Europeans at every turn. Not so in Baltimore and it is impossible to think that Dr. Rosenthal has falsified the record in order to boost the USA. There is no question of argument over who got there first. About half-a-dozen years earlier, Braque and Picasso between them invented what came to be called Cubism. But by 1914 the new art had some very competent American practitioners, most of them in Europe or having been there: the Marsden Hartley of the Prussian officer abstractions and the Indian abstractions is on board in 1914; so is the Feininger of those strange streets and churches. The Americans also, in Arthur Dove, in Georgia O'Keeffe, in Morgan Russell and Stanton MacDonald-Wright, have pushed "beyond" Cubism, or at any rate off to one side of it in creating a total and often very lyric abstraction of their own. The stuff holds up very well indeed in the company of its better known French peers.

And there is an older generation still at work. The show has a monumental late portrait of Eakins, the head of a man, unfinished and perhaps the last work of the master. But Eakins you expect to show up well, though perhaps not with the strange, architectural reference to Cézanne that this work has. But J. Alden Weir, of all people, is present in a small "Fishing Party" that does not seem all that out of place nor in the least rustic.

Chauvinism aside, there is revealed a surprising unity in the widely differing manners of the men at work in 1914. There doesn't seem to be an ounce of pretension, not even in the works of the Italian Futurists, who certainly were stronger on manifestoes and a sense of their own importance than any other group. These varied representatives of the avant garde of 1914 were above being an avant garde. They were that only because they were doing new things; since then, precocious tots rack their brains for something new in order to be avant, with the natural result that as of now there is no longer any such thing as an avant garde.

But in 1914 there was and it was concerned with expanding the ways we see and understand our world, including that limited part of our world which is perception itself. There is an underlying joyousness in this exhibition, whether it is expressed in the sweep of a Brancusi bronze or the triangular forms revealed like young mountains in an ensemble of nudes by Mueller. It is a quiet joy in the patterning of a Picasso still life, a glowing joy in a late Renoir portrait of a woman. It scintillates in Campendonck's mysterious forest and flies through the air in Chagall's snow-covered village. The art of these men is aware of a new freedom which has gained for itself, but it is even more aware of the new uses that freedom can be put to for the eye, the mind and the other senses of artists and their viewers and the world they both inhabit.

There was an art cataclysm in 1914 but, so far as can be seen in this beautiful exhibition, it did not so much reflect the other cataclysm of the Kaiser and the Krupps as it did call attention to and insist upon the exhilarating existence of things free and bright and forever beyond the Kruppian grasp.

FRANK GETLEIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Reed Whittemore *is poetry consultant at The Library of Congress.* Maxwell Geismar *is author of* Henry James and the Jacobites.

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The Negro Press

Sirs:

Much as I admire Ben Bagdikian and respect his journalistic judgment, I think his reply to Mr. Stone's criticism (October 31) was a bit glib.

The Negro press, after all, came into being not to perpetuate an ethnic minority's division from the general public (as in a real sense, I think, the foreign-language papers did) but simply to serve a geographical subcommunity which was not being served by the general-circulation papers, for quite arbitrary reasons. (When I worked for some of the latter in Chicago a dozen years ago, I learned quickly that "colored news" was no news.) They – the Negro papers – are, therefore, really a part of the general-circulation press, a kind of supplement to it. They are not like trade papers, or union publications, or even other ethnic-group dailies and weeklies. Editorially, they are not special-interest advocates any more than are most of the other "general-circulation" papers which happen to support the cause of Negro rights.

In another basic sense, too, they're unlike those Chicago papers Mr. Bagdikian cited in his comments. Each of them is printed in a foreign language. I, for example, being illiterate in Slavic tongues, could not read *Denni Hlastatel* even if I found myself abandoned on an empty subway with no other paper at hand. By contrast, I could and would (and have) read the *Defender* for general news; in fact, I've read it more often than some other Chicago and New York papers of supposedly wider circulation.

Not being a Negro, however, I don't share Mr. Stone's hope that the Negro press will become more "visible," because I would rather it – and the Negro people – become an integral part of the general public, and soon. . . . Wouldn't it be so much better if Mr. Stone, whose excellence as an editor is acknowledged throughout the trade, and his very fine staff, were respectively editors and reporters on the staffs of "general-circulation" papers that were truly general in circulation. Evidently they can't be – yet – even given the "liberalism" of our most enlightened publishers, and so they do the next best thing, and do it very well indeed. The terrible irony is that the better they do their job – the stronger and more successful their papers become – the further widens the split they (and most of us) want to mend. It may be that in some future, integrated, assimilated, one-society day, the good Negro papers will no longer be regarded as "Negro" papers and will, in fact, emerge from subcommunity status to full-community circulation, as has Long Island's *Newsday*. But it does seem a tragically long way off, and I fear that Mr. Stone's quest for "visibility" makes it even less likely. . . .

J. Richard Elliott, Jr.
New York, N.Y.

Recognizing Peking

Sirs:

In January, 1900, Senator Albert J. Beveridge, spokesman for the Expansionist wing of the Republican Party, rose in the US Senate and made the following announcement:

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Taylor Adams
New York, N. Y.

Walk Through Warsaw

Sirs:

I have read with interest the article of Louis Halle: "Walk Through Warsaw" (Oct. 3). The author remarks correctly that the Poles are more concerned about the fate of the Oder-Niesse line than about anything else. That this is so will be evident if one considers the fact that the lack of a peace treaty with Germany and the final settlement of the border, twenty years after the hostilities have ended, is a very undesirable situation. It is fully exploited by the Soviet government, for as long as the peace treaty is not signed the USSR is entitled to keep troops in Germany, and according to the Potsdam Agreement, is allowed to keep troops in Poland, ostensibly for the protection of their communication lines with Germany.

Incidentally, it is not true that there are no Soviet troops in Poland, as Mr. Halle asserts. He has not seen them in Warsaw since they are confined close to their base near Legnica in Silesia. Happily, since 1956 Poland is no longer forced to pay directly for their support.

The presence of Soviet troops on both its Western and Eastern border as well as their easy access to any part of the country, should they so desire, is probably the single most important factor influencing the political life in Poland. It permits the Communists to feel confident of their support, if needed, and at the same time allows them to represent the presence of Soviet troops as necessary for protection against the unsettled German claims.

The prospects of the German peace treaty, with its attendant withdrawal of both US and Soviet troops from central Europe, are probably the only positive way in which the US could influence the political conditions in Poland. This also implies the ability of Western Europe to stand on its own legs, a possibility which is becoming more evident with passing years and which finds an expression in the French attempts to contend for the control of Western European policies.

J. Jedruch
University Park, Pa.

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Murray Kempton,
New York **World-Telegram**, 9/29/64

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Dorothy Kilgallen,
N. Y. **Journal-American**, 9/30/64

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New York Times, 9/28/64

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New York Times, 10/11/64

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George and Patricia Nash,
New Leader, 10/12/64

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Mark Lane,
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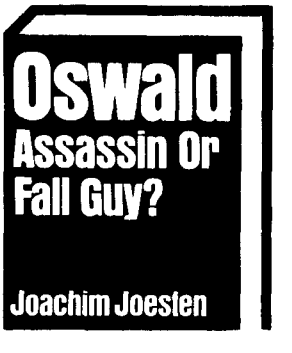

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